NOV - 3 1933

The New Statesman and Nation, October 28, 1933.

LOW Caricature: Mr. J. M. KEYNES

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating The Athenæum

Vol. VI. No. 140 (New Series) **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 501
WHAT IS ROOSEVELT DRIVING AT? 504
THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA. By Gerald Gould . . 505
A LONDON DIARY 506
GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING. By S. C. Leslie . . 508
NOW THAT IT'S OVER. By Y. Y. 509
THE DEATH PENALTY. By MacFlecknoe . . . 510
CORRESPONDENCE 510
From W. Arnold-Forster; Virginia Woolf; Jafar El Askeri; Dr. Letitia Fairfield; H. E. L. Mellersh; Barbara Bristow; Margaret McWilliams.
A KENTISH PORTRAIT. By H. E. Bates . . . 513
JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES 514
THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS. By W. J. Turner . 514
PLAYS AND PICTURES 515
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . *Page* 517
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones 518
Ultimate Values. By C. E. M. Joad . . . 519
Fancy and Imagination 520
Two Palgravian Anthologies. By Herbert Palmer 520
Slums and Cheap Houses. By Irene T. Barclay 522
Cerberus is Satisfied 524
Eugenics and the Poor. By Harry Roberts . . 524
How to Prevent War. By Sir Arthur Salter. . 526
SHORTER NOTICE 528
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert . . 528
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 530
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 532

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

WHILE in Europe the menace of Hitlerism has made at least temporary allies of Powers which were formerly manoeuvring for position against each other, in the Far East there is every sign of the beginning of the formation of a new balance of power situation. Japan, true to its recent policy of searching for legal pretexts in order to do illegal things, is now reported, on good authority, to be arranging to evade the Washington Treaty by selling to the "independent State of Manchukuo" ships which became due for replacement under that Treaty. If this ingenious device comes off Japan will succeed in keeping in her control the ships that she is pledged to scrap as well as the new ships she is entitled to build in their place. This project may have had some effect in hastening the readiness of the U.S.A. to open negotiations for a treaty with U.S.S.R.—a treaty which, if it comes off, may be at least as important diplomatically as economically.

The New Balance of Power

The prospect of Americans and Russians settling their differences has immediately produced a reaction in Japan where an official pronouncement has now been made that Japan must in future proceed to attain its aims by purely diplomatic methods—a statement which is to some extent reassuring, but perhaps not more reassuring to Russia than Hitler's pacific declarations are to France. The danger lies in the fact that while Japan and Germany are the only two Powers which have openly discarded the idea of collective security organised at Geneva, there are important groups of capitalists in other countries, notably in Great Britain, who wish to abandon the League, who favour Hitler in his role of world leader against Communism, and who even welcome the idea of a future war against Russia. Thus, speaking at Sheffield, Sir Arthur Balfour spoke openly of the probability of war with Russia, and said that "the greatest menace to peace in Europe to-day was the totally unarmed condition of Germany." He "did not think there was any doubt that Germany would go to war, and the curious thing about it was that he was almost persuaded that we should have to let them arm and that we should have to arm them." This reason for pro-Hitlerism is seldom so openly expressed, but it exists more or less consciously in the minds of many people in high places, and it particularly commends itself to armament makers.

U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.

From the economic point of view the coming negotiations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. will be watched with the greatest interest. It is generally anticipated that recognition will be accompanied by a renewal of trade relationships on what will be practically a basis of organised barter. Russia badly needs imports of machinery and industrial goods; and the United States needs above all else, at the present moment, an effective stimulus to activity in the constructional trades. But Russia can clearly pay for imports of these types on any considerable scale only if she is allowed to pay in goods; and the only goods the United States wants from her in large quantities are certain

types of materials—notably timber, furs and certain special metals. Of course, if President Roosevelt is prepared to extend long-term credits to the Russians—practically in the nature of capital investments—the possibilities of trade will be much larger than if the transaction has to be mainly on a barter basis. But, even if credits come later, a beginning can most easily be made by way of a barter agreement. On these lines a respectably large deal could probably be done, but of course nothing that can be big enough greatly to affect the position of the American constructional industries. Even such an agreement might, however, have a considerable influence on exports to Russia from Great Britain and Germany.

The French Government's Fall

M. Daladier's determination to balance his budget has brought him down, as most people expected it would. M. Léon Blum and the bulk of the Socialists were adamant against the 6 per cent. cut in civil servants' salaries, and the support of the dissident group under M. Renaudel was nothing like enough to counteract their opposition. The crisis, which seems to signify the end both of the Left cartel and of the unity of the Socialist Party, comes at an awkward moment, from the international as well as the domestic point of view. Fears for the franc are widespread, and the reactionaries will doubtless make all the capital they can out of the general nervousness. The new Cabinet, whoever forms it—whether it be M. Sarraut or another, perhaps even M. Daladier himself—will have to seek support from the Right Centre. This may result temporarily in a Government that is still essentially Radical; but the odds are on a farther move to the Right before long—M. Tardieu is waiting not very far in the background. What this may mean in the affairs of Europe can only be guessed at.

Geneva and Germany

There had obviously to be another adjournment at Geneva; the only question was its length. It is desirable that the Disarmament Conference should get on with the business of framing a Convention as soon as possible, and the date fixed, December 4th, is not too soon. But hopes are faint of any Convention that is likely to emerge being good enough to satisfy Germany. A letter from Mr. Arnold-Forster in our correspondence columns shows how little Great Britain has undertaken to do, and there are others prepared to do even less. Nor does there seem much disposition now, if ever there was any, to exert pressure in order to prevent the rearmament of Germany and of other people. The British Government's policy is to be polite to Herr Hitler, to take, or pretend to take, his speeches at their face value, and to wait and see, in the hope of something turning up. This can, no doubt, be justified as the line of greatest prudence. But it has one serious weakness. Apart from the possibility of the Nazi regime collapsing (and that nobody ought to reckon on), the only thing likely to turn up is bolder and more rapid rearmament. And the only chance of stopping that, if coercion is ruled out, is not to sit twiddling our thumbs, but to present Germany with a proof that the heavily armed Powers are serious about disarming themselves.

Hitler's Rhetoric

The German "election" campaign is in full swing, and we shall have many opportunities between now and November 12th of hearing the views of the Nazi leaders. Herr Hitler made a big speech on Tuesday, in which there was a little flourishing of the olive branch, but a good deal more of the prickly pear. He attacked the French for clinging to their big guns; he abused England for its tenderness to the Jews; he charged some unspecified persons with sowing enmity between Poland and Germany, and the whole world with slandering his revolution. There had been no such atrocities in Nazi Germany, he said, as there were in Ireland a few years ago. All this will leave the world cold, while heating up the German people. It is deplorable that the German people should be heated up; it may seem necessary to Hitler for domestic reasons, but it will make harder, and not easier, the task of allaying suspicion and fear abroad, and of establishing the equality which Germany demands and is entitled to. Hitler is on strong ground when he reproaches France and the rest of us for our failure to fulfil our pledges of disarmament. He would be on infinitely stronger ground if he were not engaged in a frantic militarisation of Germany which conflicts blatantly with his professions of peace and goodwill.

Publicity and Espionage

The German Government must be wishing that it had never attempted to fasten the Reichstag Fire on any special individuals. Van der Lubbe's dementia—for such it seems to be—makes him a very poor tool, and the expert evidence called this week all went to show that he could not possibly have carried out this job of arson single handed. An effort is therefore now being made, with the aid of Nazi witnesses, to suggest that Torgler and Popov (Dimitrov's alibi is admitted) were responsible for preparing the fire beforehand so that Van der Lubbe had only to apply the match—or a burning shirt—to send the whole thing up in flames. No one who has seen the foreign correspondents' accounts of the evidence is likely to be convinced, but most of the German people have no source of news except a doped press. How far this press is controlled by the Government we have recently learned from an admirable dispatch sent to last Monday's *Daily Telegraph* by Mr. Noel Panter, its special correspondent in Bavaria. Mr. Panter described the intense militarism of the celebrations at Kelheim, mentioned a secret conclave of Nazi leaders at Regensburg, and added that official instructions had been issued to the German press by the Bavarian branch of the Reich Ministry for propaganda "to avoid everything that might represent to-day's celebrations as being of a military character," to say nothing of the military inspection or the firing of salutes, and to publish only "harmless-looking photographs." Mr. Panter has since been arrested by the Nazi authorities. He is said to be charged with "espionage." The British ambassador in Berlin has now taken up the case and it will be interesting to see if the German Government presses this charge and whether the middle-class public in England will react to this charge in Germany as it did not long ago to a similar charge in Russia.

War Debts

The British-American debt negotiations are rumoured to have broken down. The gulf between the two views of

what can and should be paid is said to be too wide for it to be any use to go on talking at present. There may quite possibly be truth in this rumour. Having accepted the accomplished fact of the death of Reparations, Great Britain is now looking for something not far short of full cancellation of War Debts. But there is no evidence that American opinion is yet ready to go to anything like this length. The American farmer or business man, burdened with a huge mortgage based on a much higher price-level, does not relish the prospect of letting foreigners off their debts while he is compelled to pay his own, and facing as taxpayer the burden of the remitted foreign debts as well. This attitude will not readily be altered until the internal debt situation in America has been thoroughly cleared up, either by scaling down internal debts, or by raising prices and prosperity to stable levels high enough to enable them to be paid without hardship. Till President Roosevelt is far more sure than he can be now of the success of his plans he cannot afford to be very oncoming in his attitude to us or to any of his foreign debtors. American opinion is probably prepared to scale down our debt to the 50 per cent. to which it scaled down that of France some years ago. But, frankly, that is of no use to us.

East Fulham

The result of the East Fulham by-election is a resounding victory for the Labour Party, in a constituency which hitherto has always returned a Tory. At the last general election, in a three-cornered contest, the Conservatives had a majority of 14,500. This time, in a straight fight and with a strong local candidate, their poll is down by over 10,000, and Mr. Wilmot comes in with a majority of 4,840. It is absurd for his opponent to attribute this to apathy on the part of the electors. The total poll was smaller, it is true, than in 1931, but that can be accounted for by the deliberate abstention of many Conservatives who are disgusted with the Government's policy. The issues were both international and domestic—disarmament and poverty—and on these Mr. Wilmot had Liberal support. The working classes of Fulham have voted for peace, not the lip-service to peace that the Government offers, and they have registered their protest against high rents, overcrowding and the whole scheme of false public economies which has been foisted on the country. We do not suppose that Mr. MacDonald and his friends, complacent as they are and commanding a huge parliamentary majority, will pay much heed to this warning. If they do not, we shall expect to see them come a cropper at the next general election; East Fulham is not a freak constituency.

Municipal Elections

The Labour Party is also expecting to make substantial gains at the coming municipal elections, which will be more than usually interesting as a test of the current shift of political opinion. Labour, of course, lost heavily in the municipalities two years ago, on the morrow of its parliamentary defeat. It regained some ground last year, and it looks to regaining a good deal more next week, and probably to resuming control in some of the lost industrial areas. There are no very clear-cut issues; and the elections are likely to be fought more than usual on a basis of natural differences of party allegiance. The administration of the Means Test will of course bulk large in the depressed areas; everywhere housing and slum clearance seem to have been the most debated topics in the course of the campaign. In most areas nowadays the Labour Party is confronted with a coalition of the opposing forces; the Liberals now count as an independent factor in relatively few places, though they still hold their place in Manchester and some of the other Lancashire towns. Labour gains are expected in the Midlands, including Birmingham; and there is also a possibility of substantial headway in parts of the South where Labour has been hitherto very weak. But a great deal depends on the number of electors who are induced to go to the poll; in many non-industrial districts the abstentions of the backwoods voter offer Labour its best chance. This year there appears to be no "stunt" issue to bring these marginal voters to the poll, unless the anti-Labour forces have a last-minute "stunt" still in reserve.

A Drawn-out Finale

After a decade of quarrelling a solution for Waterloo Bridge seems at last to have been found. The general outlines of Mr. Topham Forest's plan to widen the old bridge in such a way that the expanded surface on the top will take only four lines of vehicular traffic, the lower part remaining as it is now, meets with nobody's complete approval, perhaps not even the inventor's. Praise need not be withheld from architect and engineers who have striven so ingeniously to serve several masters. Nevertheless, the passage of the Report of the Improvements Committee through the full session of the L.C.C. proved a Gilbertian affair, disapproving speakers having no alternative but meekly to vote in a direction in which they were inclined neither by heart nor by mind. National Economy has been the main consideration, forcing the L.C.C. to abandon its staunch demand for a six-vehicular line traffic bridge. Allowing that pique, because the Council has been over-ridden, may have inspired the complaining tones of some of the speeches, there remains cause for apprehension at the prospect of the new bridge. Will its swollen, yet cramped, tram-ridden surface in fact retain the distinctive characteristics of the old bridge? Nothing, certainly not the architect's elusive drawing in the *Times*, compels confidence. But had the wrangle been allowed to go on for a whole generation, it is probable that the outcome would have been the same. There would always have been a probability that the converted bridge would result in a symbol for the victory of neither side.

Low's Caricatures

While Low's caricatures are appearing, all postal subscribers will receive their copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in an extra-thick wrapper, a blank sheet of paper being interleaved in front of the caricature to protect it from "set-off" from the printed matter. We believe that these precautions will preserve the caricature from damage in the post and we shall be grateful if any postal subscriber who is not satisfied with the condition in which the caricature arrives will inform us immediately. The attention of other newspapers is called to the fact that the World Copyright of Low's Caricatures is strictly reserved and that permission must be obtained from the publishers before any caricature may be reproduced.

WHAT IS ROOSEVELT DRIVING AT?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has again, and more unequivocally, proclaimed his financial policy; and it is precisely what, comparing his previous utterances with his actions, we had supposed it to be. He will have nothing to do with currency stabilisation, by pegging either the gold or foreign exchange value of the dollar, until American internal prices have been brought back to what he considers a satisfactory and balanced level, at which different types of goods can be exchanged on equitable terms, and debts paid without disaster. Thereafter, his aspiration is to maintain a stable level of internal prices which will keep the commodity and debt-paying value of the dollar approximately fixed for a whole generation at a time. In pursuing this policy he does not propose to leave the external value of the dollar to fluctuate unchecked, according to every influence that may blow upon it either at home or abroad. He means to "manage" the exchanges as well as the levels of internal prices, and instead of bottling up the American supply of gold to create a market for it, and to buy and sell gold as the occasion seems to require.

This declaration, which has been received with loud cries of dismay from bankers and financial manipulators on both sides of the Atlantic, is of the greatest importance both to Great Britain and to the gold standard countries. President Roosevelt has declared emphatically against that unregulated inflation for which many people are clamouring in the United States; but he has declared his deliberate intention of "managing" the currency on lines which seem to imply clearly that the "management" is to be permanent and not only for the duration of the present emergency. The essential feature of the gold standard has been to allow prices in every gold standard country to be influenced by prices in every other; and the ambition to keep prices stable over a whole generation in one country is consistent with the gold standard only on one of two alternative assumptions. The first of these is that all the gold standard countries are pursuing the same policy of internal price stabilisation, and closely collaborating with that object; the second is that the one country alone shall be strong enough in relation to the others to control world prices and compel them to conform to its domestic policy. This second condition the United States, despite its economic and financial strength, clearly cannot satisfy; and accordingly President Roosevelt's declaration seems to imply that, if he remains in power, the United States will not go back to gold unless all the other leading countries accept as their objective his aspiration of keeping internal prices stable—an objective which, whatever its merits may be, is not in the least likely to be accepted by any leading European Government or Central Bank under its present leadership.

However, there is many a slip, and President Roosevelt's long-run aspirations matter far less than his immediate policy. It appears that, in spite of the recent setbacks in the United States, the President retains a faith in his ability to raise prices to a satisfactory level without sheer inflation. He believes that, if he presses on further with the policy which he has been pursuing hitherto, raising wages, shortening hours, making credit freely available for expanded production, releasing "frozen" purchasing power still locked up in the banks which remain closed, and all the time adjuring everyone to buy, buy, buy, in the course of national recovery, the upward movement of sales thus begun will become cumulative, extend to trades not at first affected by it, and even restore the balance between agricultural and industrial prices, and bring prosperity back to the farmers. In addition, by recognising Russia and perhaps extending considerable credits, the President hopes to give a much-needed stimulus to exports and to the constructional trades.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of the policy; and upon these the President's critics, both at home and abroad, are prompt to fasten. In the United States the most vociferous critics are the farmers, who complain that, as the prices they receive are largely governed by world conditions, the effect of the National Recovery Act may easily be to raise the prices of the industrial goods they need to buy far more than the prices of the agricultural goods they have to sell, and thus in some respects positively to worsen their condition. There is clearly substance in this complaint, which can be met only if the President's policy of controlling agricultural production and relieving the farmer of a part of his debts can be combined with successful international measures for regulating the production and export of the leading agricultural commodities.

But there are other critics besides the farmers—international financiers who want to see the dollar back on gold in order to remove the possibility of inflation; big employers who bitterly resent the high wages and the recognition of the detested Trade Unions that have been forced upon them; and, finally, all those who see in the President's bold experiments the danger of a coming threat to the fundamental institutions of the established economic order. The President was largely able to cow these critics into silence by the force of his initial popularity; they are all coming out into the open as his policy reaches its first really testing moment.

It is evident that the National Recovery Programme has now exhausted its original impetus, and stands in need of a fresh stimulus if it is to continue to advance. Initially, the raising of wages and prices under the codes and by the methods of sheer boost gave a powerful incentive to the manufacturer to produce more, not only because the "buy more" campaign was really increasing sales, but also because there was a prospect for manufacturer and trader alike of getting ahead of demand before costs rose in consequence of the policy, and thus making profits by increasing stocks on hand. This special stimulus was bound to be removed, or, at any rate, lessened, as soon as the new level of costs had come actually into being; and at that point, unless producers and traders could feel sure of a constantly rising demand, there was likely to be an actual damping down of production, roughly proportionate to the extent of the previous anticipation of demand. The slackening off of the "re-stocking" movement among the traders and of excess production among manufacturers desirous of anticipating the rise in costs undoubtedly goes far towards accounting for the recent recession.

There is a further important factor. The increase

in output which has so far occurred has been for the most part well within the capacity of the existing productive equipment of American industry, which had previously a huge quantity of unemployed plant. For this reason the increase in the production of consumers' goods has not communicated itself to any considerable extent to the constructional trades, in which unemployment has been even more severe, as it always is in times of business recession. President Roosevelt's intention was to correct the defect in his general plan by speeding up the provision of public works on a very large scale, and so stimulating activity in the constructional industries. But in America, as elsewhere, this has proved to be a slow business, and not much demand has yet been forthcoming from this source. If the public works programme does really get going in the next month or two, it may well prepare a way for a further advance in the whole American economy.

Despite the difficulties which the Roosevelt Plan is admittedly encountering to-day, and the great dangers which lie immediately ahead of it, we may largely discount those rumours, prevalent in certain financial circles, which predict its speedy collapse. It was obvious from the first that the Roosevelt policy would come up against its first serious testing in the autumn, and that the methods of boost employed in launching it made it exceptionally liable to temporary psychological setback. But the President is not yet by any means at the end of his resources. His programme of public works is only just beginning to take effect; he can—though at what cost remains to be seen—release as purchasing power the frozen deposits in the closed banks; and he can carry much farther his policy of pumping out additional money through the numerous financial agencies that are now at his disposal. Moreover, though his critics are now far more vocal than they were a month or two ago, and the discontent among the farmers is again assuming formidable proportions, the great mass of the American people still hopes ardently for the success of the Roosevelt experiment, and will do nothing consciously to hinder it. Informed American opinion seems to take a less serious view of the various farmers' strike movements than is commonly given by newspaper comment over here, and it should be remembered that most of the financial news that comes to England from the U.S.A. comes by way of Wall Street—and Wall Street is a very unsafe guide to American opinion. If the President cares to give a still stronger lead, mass opinion will be prepared to follow him, and to give short shrift to those who stand obviously in his way.

In any case the President cannot possibly let go at this stage his power of financial manœuvre. He must keep the power to manage the currency in accordance with the other factors in the domestic situation, and he cannot therefore on any account afford to fix the gold or exchange value of the dollar. His problem is, while keeping unrestricted power to inflate, without intending to use it save in a carefully regulated way, to reassure the financial interests that he can so keep the control as to prevent a financial crisis. This is made the harder because the financiers dislike the rest of his policy and, while they do not want a crisis, are inclined to provoke one by their fears. For this reason it would not be surprising if the President were driven before long to taking a much tighter grip on the banking machine in order to carry through his policy of monetary management.

THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA

IT is too easy a cynicism which says that "Christianity has never been tried." Two, at any rate, of Christ's recorded precepts have been observed with zeal by almost every Christian community: "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given," and "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

The former of the two has frequently got itself re-stated as a law, biological or economic. It is the latter which, in the sphere of pyschology and ethics, most perplexes those who concern themselves with the problem of peace; and it perplexes them most when, as now, the normal unrighteousness of international relations takes on a peculiarly blatant and threatening form. We can all get an inward glow out of exhorting one another not to "shake hands with murder," especially when political or financial profit seems likely to accrue from the attitude of chastity; but we all do shake hands with murder, and we all must.

We must, both in practical fact and in the logic of self-respect. If shaking hands with oppression is our trouble over Hitlerism, why did we not cry out when Mr. MacDonald lately conferred, in so conspicuously amicable a fashion, with Signor Mussolini? If we are to quarrel, whether in the military or the moral sense, with every country that refuses internal freedom of press and assembly, what are we going to do about Russia—and most of Europe? And India? If we are to spurn Germany for brutality and outrage, what about a little spurning for ourselves? Have we so soon forgotten our Black-and-Tans? *Si vis pacem, ignora bellum!*—if we honestly desire peace, we cannot afford self-righteousness in our denunciations of war. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness"—we come back to that; and it distresses us.

In theorising about psychological phenomena, one inevitably generalises from oneself. I should not, however, think my own reactions worth attention unless I had reason to suppose them representative of others. I discover that many who, like myself, were in 1914 young enough to be optimistic about political developments, but old enough to have observed the ironies and disappointments of politics, admit to feeling even more perplexed to-day than they felt then. On one point, at any rate, we then kept our heads. Even if we admitted the inevitability of war, we saw clearly that it should be ended as soon as possible, and by a negotiated, not a dictated, peace. We did not feel the rancour against the Germans which numerous people, twenty years older than ourselves, felt; and we did not pretend that the moral fault was all on one side. Over the Nazi atrocities we find it more difficult to preserve proportion and sanity. Why? Is it simply that now *we* are nearly twenty years older? I believe not. I believe there is a specific reason for the rising of the gorge and curdling of the blood over Hitler's Germany. I do not mean only (what is a commonplace) that the Nazi tyranny differs from others in openly torturing and murdering the innocent. In all other modern oppressions and revolutions, persecution has been directed against those who were actively resisting, or who were suspected of actively resisting, or of whom it could at least be pretended that they were planning actively to resist, the persecuting regime. That in Germany blameless citizens, legally behaving, non-political, against whom no shadow of a charge could be brought, and from whom no shadow of danger could be anticipated, have been beaten, starved, exiled or slain—this difference removes the Nazi outrages from the rank of a political "terror" into the rank of a pathological indulgence. (It is true that all political "terrors" end in pathological indulgence; it is the German distinction to have begun there.) But this, though important, is not my present point. My point is that we should have felt less nausea and repulsion *if there had been resistance and a fight*. We kept our heads, despite keen sympathy and strong indignation, over the violation

of Belgium, because Belgium was militant, and might become —as indeed in the long run she did become—victorious. The ultimate humiliation is felt only when the victims cannot resist, for themselves or their children. *Is this reaction instinctive, irrational and wrong, or is it ethically defensible?*

For him who preaches complete non-resistance there are—nominally at any rate—no complications. He will not fight. But won't he? Though I recognise and admire the fine spirit of those university members who have declared against fighting, I cannot help feeling that, to some small extent, they have laid themselves open to the charge normally levelled against the War Office—that it is always busy preparing for the *last* war. I cannot help suspecting that many would-be "conscientious objectors" envisage a campaign with recruitment of large armies, with prolonged warfare and special training for warfare. But, next time, the blow will presumably come in a single night, and from the heavens. A successful gas-and-bomb raid on London would lead to the danger of social chaos; martial law would be proclaimed, as after flood or earthquake, to mobilise resources for the actual preservation of existence. The old technical distinction between combatants and auxiliaries would largely have disappeared. In ten years' time actual fighting may be confined to a few thousand young men going up in aeroplanes; but *co-operation in a state of war* may be almost universal. Conscientious objection, if it is to survive, will have to develop a new technique to meet the new technique of militarism.

Moreover, I believe it will also have to find a new theoretical basis. Fifteen years ago it was usual among pacifists (even agnostic ones) to accept the alleged teaching of Christ on non-resistance, and merely to deplore the world's failure to obey it. But it is more and more realised that, if Christ's teaching was what it is commonly represented as having been, it ignored the dilemma. The issue may be a comparatively simple one for undergraduates, since they can claim that they did not ask to be born and owe no allegiances. But no husband or wife or parent can take that attitude. People who have deliberately incurred social responsibilities must shoulder them. To bring a child into the world, and then stand by and see it killed, fits neither honesty nor decency. I am well aware that the non-resister replies: "Non-resistance is the best means of saving the child." Unfortunately that answer is, given certain immediate circumstances, untrue. Herr Hitler's henchmen have not stayed their hands because their victims, or their victims' parents, obeyed and acquiesced. The cat sometimes avoids the dog; it never spares the mouse.

Thus the question resolves itself into a calculation of consequences. The non-resister sometimes says that he is not concerned with consequences. The answer is twofold—he *is* concerned with consequences, because he cannot help it; and, if he were not, he would be wrong. Of course, nobody can calculate consequences; but that does not mean that anybody can help trying to calculate them. The non-resister certainly bases his actions, in doing business, in making love, in lacing up his boots, on the assumption that certain results will follow certain causes. If he imagines he can cease to do so in one connection alone, he deceives himself. And, even if he succeeded in the impossible, he would be merely shirking a duty.

In 1914, we were caught intellectually and morally unprepared. It may be that we are already caught again. It may be that the chance of a pacified Europe has gone past us—or that, to speak more accurately, we have thrown it away. Whatever we do, *now* (it may imaginably be said), Germany will re-arm and will fight; there is no help for it; world-disaster is certain and imminent, and whether we resist or acquiesce is immaterial. It is, however, neither a moral nor a practical possibility for a Government or an individual merely to despair. To throw up the sponge is the pardonable gesture of a moment; it is not a whole-time occupation.

History shows us three well-defined British attitudes towards foreign wickedness or aggression. We can interfere, and fight, for our own safety or prestige; that was the Tory-Whig doctrine of Marlborough, the Whig doctrine of Palmerston and of Asquith, the Tory doctrine of Canning, Castlereagh, Beaconsfield and Salisbury, and the Whig-Tory doctrine of Burke. We can interfere and not fight, or only fight very little; that was the Tory-Radical doctrine of Gladstone. Or we can mind our own business; that was the Tory doctrine of Bolingbroke and the Radical doctrine of Cobden and Bright. All the political precedents thus provided are equally futile and depressing. What are we to do *now*?

Neither precedent nor shibboleth will serve us. One thing only is clear; the attempt to fit pacifism into the world as it is organised to-day, nationally and internationally, is futile. The Whig method, the Tory method, the Radical method, are obsolete. The Socialist method remains. It involves an internationalism founded on working-class thought and action. Its obvious first move is a working-class strike against war. But even that is useless, and worse than useless, unless it is (*a*) international and (*b*) organised. For the workers of one country to down tools before the bombs of another country would be the most tragic paradox of all.

Meanwhile, we must continue to shake hands with murder —or at least with murderers. We must not meet them with the gesture of provocative condescension; rather must we look round our own borders, and down our own records, and admit that we too are among the miserable sinners. That instinctive revolt against the brutality of the Nazi regime, which has almost betrayed us into blind fury and reckless denunciation, must be subdued to reason within ourselves. We must continue to seek peace and ensue it, though we shall probably not get it. The very fact that despair is so sensible, so nearly inescapable, must teach us to cast it out. There is a very slender hope along these lines. Along other lines there is surely none.

The immediate need is somehow to stave off war by diplomacy, on the chance that we can build peace by consent.

GERALD GOULD

A LONDON DIARY

THE *Daily Express's* book of war photographs is significantly called *The First World War*. It is a superb collection gathered from all over the world. It does not really matter if some of the photographs look like film shots rather than the genuine article; they convey the truth in any case. It is edited with admirable impartiality and a grim ironic humour. (The only phrase that puzzles me is the description of the war in the introductory note as the "mad comedy of Armageddon." Why "comedy?"). It shows each of the countries cheering themselves into the war with the same patriotic cries; it puts their posters side by side; it shows the rival national churches calling upon their tribal deities ("Oh God, our help in Ages past," in England and Germany) and it puts side by side the German maimed and the British maimed, the victims of the Whites side by side with the victims of the Reds. Some of Mr. Stalling's captions are beyond praise—"The Ace," "No Birds Sing," "If I should die, say only this of me," and a dozen others, will not easily be forgotten in their setting. The question that puzzles me is the effect of such pictures on the minds of young men who were not old enough to experience the war. One young man to whom I showed it was profoundly *excited* by it; he did not quite know what the excitement was, but it was clearly a totally different feeling from that engendered in me and in other men who were of military age between 1914 and 1918. Photography, however good, cannot convey the most common experience of the war, the crushing loss of individuality, the hopeless monotony, the agonising futility of the sacrifice. The problem of explaining what war is like is only a particularly clear example of one of the main problems of society—how to pass on to the younger generation the experience of the older. In so far as the Social Heritage (to use Graham Wallas's phrase) is embodied in the physical environment it is successfully passed on; but emotional experiences are so

incommunicable that it sometimes seems as if each generation had to begin afresh and commit all the mistakes of its predecessor. The poets and artists do not reach the mass. Trying to convey the emotional experience of war to a boy of fourteen is like trying to tell him what it feels like to be in love. But I think he will get more from these photographs than from any source I know of.

* * *

I have in front of me a copy of what is surely the most interesting publication that has so far emerged from Nazi Germany. It is entitled *Neu-beginnen*, and it is the theoretical basis of a new revolutionary anti-Fascist group in Germany. That such a pamphlet could have been written at all in Germany this summer is remarkable, and it is to the credit of the Social Democratic organisation, whose headquarters is now in Czechoslovakia, that it should have published a document which so forcibly attacks Social Democratic leadership. It attacks Communist leadership with equal vigour. Its philosophy is Marxian, but it reproaches the followers of Marx with preaching only too often the "inevitability" of the proletarian revolution. The group, which is, I am told, becoming strong and making headway among the working-class in Germany, repudiates the present tactics, while it emphasises the courage and self-sacrifice of the German Communists, and it emphasises the need for a much longer period of training and organisation before open opposition should be attempted. It is, in fact, the work of Marxians who have learnt the lesson of the Nazi revolution—that the collapse of capitalism, as we know it, does not at all necessarily lead to the seizure of power by the proletarians, but more probably to the dictatorship of the middle-class. This is surely the Achilles heel of Communist theory. As commonly expounded, it leads you to the "inevitable conflict," and then speaks as if the task for the workers was to "seize power" from a comparatively small group of big capitalists. Looking through Emile Burns's able book *Capitalism, Communism and the Transition* (Gollancz, 5*s*.), I find exactly this lacuna. He writes as if the task of revolutionaries in the West was not fundamentally different from that of their successful forerunners in Russia. He seems to forget that middle-class ideology goes deep down into the working-class in this country. I understand that there is soon to be an English translation of *Neu-beginnen;* coming from Nazi Germany it should arouse a good deal of interest.

* * *

H. L. Mencken, I see, is to give up the editorship of the American *Mercury*, the provocative greenbacked monthly which he created in 1923, and has conducted in his entirely individual style during these ten years. That, he says, is long enough for any magazine editor; besides, he wants to get on with the writing of books, and especially with the rewriting of his one serious treatise, *The American Language*. The *Mercury* has been wholly American. Mencken kept to his scheme of making it national, and I think I am right in saying that it has not published articles from more than, at most, two or three European and English writers. No organ of a man or a group has ever, I should say, done its work more swiftly and decisively. Mencken (with him for some years George Jean Nathan) set out to insult the "Booboisie," to dethrone the popular American gods and debunk the Americanism of the great boom. The field was ready, and young America was all agog. The *Mercury* attained a circulation of over 80,000. Its green cover was flaunted on every college campus. But debunking is a brief business. The job was done in no time. People have complained that the magazine suffered from the way in which all its contributors imitated Mencken's slangy and brick-throwing method of controversy. No doubt they were encouraged in this by the fact that in the early days of the paper everything they wrote was hammered into conformity with the editor's style. The one feature which found a delighted public on this side of the ocean was "Americana," the anthology of puerility from all the States—a marvellous quarry for the social historian. Mencken's successor is Henry Hazlitt, who for several years past has been literary editor of the New York *Nation*.

* * *

The following letter, dated July 3rd, 1865, has been recently discovered by an historical student. I'll bet a set of Low's cartoons (1926 series) that no one guesses who wrote it. The answer will be published next week.

Maiden Towers.
3.7.1865.

DEAR MISS LILLIPUT,

You must excuse the belated character of my answer. I belong to that sort of people who always look twice at things before they decide one way or the other. Thus, I was rather startled at receiving an invitation on the part of a female minx quite unknown to me. However, having ascertained your respectability and the high tone of your transactions with your tradespeople, I shall feel happy to seize this rather strange opportunity of getting at your eatables and drinkables. Suffering somewhat under an attack of rheumatism, I hope you keep your reception room clear of anything like draft. As to the ventilation required, I shall provide it for myself. Being somewhat deaf in the right ear, please put a dull fellow, of whom I dare say your company will not be in want of, at my right side. For the left I hope you will reserve your female beauty, I mean the best-looking female among your guests.

I am somewhat given to tobacco chewing, so have the stuff ready. Having former intercourse with Yankees taken to the habitude of spitting, I hope spittoons will not be missing. Being rather easy in my manners and disgusted at the hot and close English atmosphere, you must prepare for seeing me in a dress rather adamatic. I hope your female guests are somewhat in the same line.

Addio, my dear unknown little minx,
Yours for ever,
DR. CRANKLEY

* * *

I see that Sir Oswald Mosley, speaking in Manchester, denied that there was anti-Semitism in his movement, and then said:

> No one will be molested in Fascist England, except those—mostly aliens—who have imported the methods of the Ghetto to the streets of England, using knives to attack us, and throwing potatoes stuck full of razor blades. . . .

If I were a Jew I doubt if I should find this a reassuring statement.

* * *

> Backs will be of primary interest during the long evenings. Bewitching and bewildering, for the dressmakers admit that so far there is no accepted rule of the season. Fashion article in *Star*.

* * *

> Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, opening a Conservative bazaar at Watford yesterday, revealed a secret by saying that when her husband sat down after making a speech and turned to her, what she said to him was "Here are your lozenges, darling."—*Yorkshire Observer*.

* * *

> "My J.P. friend, who is very well known locally," the Duke told the reporter, "was perfectly satisfied that it was fairly done and in a gentlemanly way—as between gentlemen. To-night I go to the country for a change." The Duke of Atholl on his Fund.—*Manchester Guardian*, Sat., Oct. 21st, 1933.

* * *

> Though one hundred and fifty thousand dogs have been killed during the past fifteen years, they are still to be seen roving about the by-streets, while at night they congregate in groups.—*Observer*.

* * *

> Jolly Fine Rooms, lady's private house; single or double bedroom, use dining-room; suit two jolly business gents; bath, good food; homely, moderate, recommended.—Advert. in *Hertford Mercury*.

* * *

> The fact that the King of Siam is a nursling of Eton while Prince Bovaradej, who is actively engaged in usurping his Peacock throne, is a product of Harrow, lends spice to what would otherwise be a remote and unconvincing clash of arms.—*Evening News*.

* * *

> Leadbetter said that he had been a lover of animals all his life. For seven years he had been a master of foxhounds.—Report in *Daily Mail*.

* * *

> The appeal at the last election was for trust. I renew that appeal now, and it will be renewed again and again. I am going to make a statement for which I have not the least shadow of foundation, and it is this: that I am not going to say that the figures of unemployment for next month are not going to go down.—The Prime Minister at Horsham, as reported in the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

CRITIC

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING

THE activities of Dr. Goebbels have lent an evil significance to any association of the words "government" and "propaganda." To democrats there is something repellent in the deliberate use of the power of the State to hammer a thesis into the minds of a mentally defenceless people. State propaganda in this sense strikes most Englishmen as a sandbagging of the human spirit; and they would like it little more if it made its appearance as a weapon of Government under democratic forms, free from the heavy armament of bans and censorships, but more guileful and better hidden. Such activity, however, is not the subject of this article, and is mentioned only to draw a necessary distinction between it and Government advertising in the sense in which the term is used here. State propaganda is the open or veiled use of the State's power over the organs of publicity to force upon the mind of a nation an idea or policy to which it has not given free consent. Government publicity means the use of systematic methods to expound and illustrate adopted policies, and to educate the public in the significance of those functions of Government that bear particularly on its daily life. The one is political, the other administrative. The distinction may conceivably be blurred in practice, at the instance of some Government that finds itself in a tight corner, but a clear initial recognition that there is a distinction is the best way to ensure the creation of the kind of mechanism that is difficult to misuse.

In the present state of public opinion, and for as long as the House of Commons remains an effective critical instrument, the successful use of Government propaganda for political as distinct from administrative ends would be very difficult. This has been well illustrated by the history of the advertising activities of the Empire Marketing Board. Commercial advertising men and others, while admitting the aesthetic interest of the Board's posters and films, were nearly always hotly critical of its technical policies and methods: what would have happened, they asked, to the advertising department of a private firm with the Board's extraordinary resources (cash being the least of them) if at the end of nearly seven years its results had been as difficult to demonstrate, as impossible to assess in terms of sales? There was a general opinion that the E.M.B.'s efforts were too general to be effective, too symbolical to gain response. It was not commonly realised that the fault lay much more with the Board's brief than with its advocacy. The main canons of successful advertising—to be direct, to be simple, to get under people's skins, to hammer away at the same point—were barred to the E.M.B. It could not use a straightforward dynamic word of command (except during the fevered autumn of 1931, when "Buy British" was an argument as well as an exhortation, and the advertising was embarrassingly effective). It could not give a simple, telling reason for its injunctions. Some might say that no simple, telling reason existed; but assuming it did, some group or party would certainly have been mortally offended by its use. The Board could not put effective weight behind one commodity from a single source because too many, of too diverse origins, had a claim on it. It therefore fell back, in time, upon its unquestionably useful educational work as to the significance of Empire. Making the best of an impossible task, it more and more acclaimed the value of such "background publicity" and discouraged any commercially minded demand for measurable results. But it had, after all, been offered to the Dominions as a substitute for fiscal preferences, and the Dominions, knowing from their own efforts what could be achieved in the British market by wholehearted directional publicity for given commodities, could not accept the Board as an asset worth paying for. What was really wrong was the whole enterprise of advertising a thesis that a Government Board dared not treat wholeheartedly, because it did not represent a clear-cut and generally accepted national policy. This was, in too great a degree, political propaganda rather than "Government advertising" in our sense. Anyone who is concerned to see Government advertising widely and successfully used will take his stand on this, and refuse to admit for a moment that, because the E.M.B. could not survive, the general idea of administrative publicity stands condemned.

It seems at present as though there may be some misunderstanding in high places on this point. Otherwise there is no good reason why the cessation of the Board's particular function should have led to the scrapping or scattering of the excellent administrative machine it had built, and the valuable technical experience its staff had acquired. Significantly enough, it is the Post Office that has been allowed to annex Sir Stephen Tallents and the Board's film unit. Is it the idea that departments handling saleable commodities are the only ones that can rightly spend money on advertising? Certainly even the remotest corner of Whitehall must be satisfied on the score of saleable commodities, after the full success of the National Savings Certificates campaign, the quick response to the Telephone publicity, and (so it is said) the immediate result of the recent Air Mail advertising. But there is no difference in principle between advertising a commodity and advertising a service, an institution, or an idea. Private firms have successfully achieved all four. And there is certainly no relevance for our purpose in the difference between revenue-earning departments and others. To a Treasury official there may possibly seem to be a difference: but this could only rest upon the assumption that Government bodies somehow constitute a separate interest, distinct from that of the community and like private corporations. Of private corporations it might be said that if they do not earn they should not spend. But Government Departments make their profits not *out of* the community, but *for* it. Another million or two to the credit of the Post Office may be worth no more—may be worth much less in terms of general wealth and even, indirectly, of Government revenue—than the more universal practice of measures of hygiene, the prompter payment of income tax, a lower accident rate, a reduction in crime, or numerous other effects that publicity might well achieve.

The main case for administrative advertising to the public rests upon two facts. One is that because of the infinite complexity of contemporary civilised life great masses of people lag behind the standards of thought, knowledge, or action that the community has set itself. This is as bad for those who halt as for those with the will to go on; it means a heavy cost to the community in welfare and money. The lag may affect some far-reaching question like the practice of domestic hygiene or the care of babies, or some more superficial matter like the litter problem. The ignorance to be cured may be (and very largely is) technical—ignorance of the full uses of the telephone service, of the working of the Inland Revenue Department, of the method of operation of the Ministry of Labour. (The ignorance among unemployed men of their rights and obligations and the procedure affecting them is vast.) This list is the merest beginning; every item on it, and on the long extension of it that could be made, throws into relief one aspect or another of the fact of *partnership* between Government and governed. Communication is a main—perhaps it is the fundamental—obligation of partnership, and upon the Governmental bodies, as the executive partners, there lies the obvious duty of clear, continuous, skilled communication.

The second fact that justifies Government advertising is the malleability—one almost writes, the fluidity—of public opinion, feeling, and response. To sit down under any bad state of things arising from ignorance or apathy shows not merely pessimism but insensitiveness to the changes that have been, and are being, deliberately induced in modes of popular thought and action. In the last ten years habits of personal living and expenditure—not the readiest subjects of change—have been very greatly affected in all classes of the community. Consider the changes in personal habits and opinions made not only by the motor car, the wireless and the cinema, but also by the building society, the hire-purchase system, the arrival of good cheap clothes for both sexes, and the spread of cheap eating houses. It is not too much to expect that a clear lead on any

matter of obvious personal significance should produce a response at least as quick and thorough as have the haphazard and often competing forces playing upon public consciousness since the war. Very many private firms have sensed this readiness to change and to follow a lead; so have some industries. There have been notable private exceptions, like the banks and the insurance companies, whose corporate inertia does not seem susceptible of any explanation on rational grounds, and who may live to wonder why they endured more than ten unnecessary years of remoteness on their own part and backwardness on the public's. But the most conspicuous exceptions of all have been the Government Departments, despite the fact that the fluidity of public habit, which merely offers an opportunity to private bodies, implies a moral obligation on public ones.

To suggest that this is nothing but a reflection on the departments concerned would be wrong and unfair. It is at least as true to say that the practitioners of the craft of advertising have been slow to impress Whitehall and the politicians with the significance, the value, and—one may add—the sincerity of their craft. Advertising is young, and much of it is crude. Behind the best of it there lies a technique which is logical if not yet perfect, and a body of tested knowledge that gives it a fair claim on the attention of our governors; but so far this claim has not been pressed. It is to be hoped that it will be, since it would be as unfortunate for the departments themselves as for the craft of advertising if the present mutual unawareness persists, and if the Government bodies in the end set out to solve the problem of administrative publicity by methods of their own. The commercial point of view (that is to say, the emphasis on results), as well as the very large amount of exact information and trained insight to which it has led, makes a contribution which it would not be wise to ignore—a contribution touching not press advertising only, but every phase and type of publicity. From the other side, advertising practitioners as a body stand in need of more of the responsibility, the sense of social issues, and the not too commercialised taste, which the few contacts of recent years have taught them to expect from the Civil Service. So long as Whitehall's approach to publicity remains almost wholly departmentalised, it may be difficult to bring about effective contact. One of the many advantages of a Central Government Publicity Board, under non-party or all-party control, would be the ease with which it and the professional organisations of advertising men could establish a fruitful relationship.

S. C. LESLIE

NOW THAT IT'S OVER

Now that it is over—the sweepstake, the race and all—I must confess to having had a very poor reward for my ten shillings. It is not that I mind the disappearance of a fortune almost before my eyes. In presence of the loss of great riches, I can be—and have been—as philosophic as Beauty showed herself in *Beauty and the Beast* when, her family being involved in ruin, she checked her first inclination to cry by saying to herself: "Why should I cry? An ocean of tears would not mend matters. I must try to be happy without riches, like the people I see round me." I am even more philosophic than Beauty since, when I learned after the draw for the Irish sweepstake that I was as poor a man as before, I had not so much as an inclination to weep. I simply did not care. On the whole, I was relieved to find that I had not won a prize of £30,000. I should have been enchanted if I had won one of the smaller prizes; but I could not have won the £30,000 without being pestered by letters from people I do not know, and I hate answering letters even from people I know.

This being my attitude to sweepstake fortunes, I naturally felt little of the excitement appropriate to the occasion during the time that elapsed between the purchase of my ticket and the drawing of the last winning number. Instead of having a full ten shillings' worth of excitement for my money I had not above a threepennyworth. It was not always so. I have had tickets in sweepstakes ever since I knew where to obtain them. I bought them at a time when they were still considered so respectable in England that they could be had through banks. I continued to buy them when Dublin became the sweepstake capital of the world.

And as a rule they were worth to me in excitement far more than the money I paid for them. The future became rosy with hope. The blood circulated more generously at the prospect of shortly becoming the blood of a capitalist. One seemed to be on the verge of the perfect life of which one had been dreaming for years—peering in through the gates of a Paradise soon to be unlocked. Do not conclude that these dreams were entirely selfish. One year, for example, in the first flush of prospective victory, I marked off £1,000 of my winnings as a gift to a friend. That was my first impulse, and, though I say it who should not, it was a generous one. Thinking the matter over, indeed, I decided that it was too generous, and, bidding myself not to be a sentimental fool, I reduced the sum by half. In a still more rational moment, I saw that £500 was an enormous sum to give away even to a friend, and, at the end of a few weeks, during which I practised the most rigorous self-control, I had brought the gift down to £100. There is nothing easier for a weak-natured man than to give away money by the handful while the time for giving it away is in the distant future. As the time draws nearer, however, one realises more and more acutely that to throw money vaguely about is the mark not of generosity but of flabby emotionalism. On the eve of the draw, indeed, my common sense told me that, as my friend did not really need the money, far the best thing I could do was to keep it myself, so as to be able to help him if he ever did need it, which I sincerely hoped for his own sake he never would.

To be possessor of a sweepstake ticket, therefore, was in those days to be the possessor of noble impulses (which were rather embarrassing at times) as well as of selfish longings (which were pleasant without alloy). Selfishness is looked on severely by the moralists, but could anything be less deserving of censure than these selfish longings which can be bought for ten shillings without injury to a single fellow-human-being? Is there anything more fundamentally selfish in dreaming of owning a house near the sea than in going to hear *The Magic Flute*? A case might be made out for condemning the selfishness of actually owning the house, since it would have been built out of the ten shilling notes of other people who wanted it as badly as one did oneself. But merely to dream of it is to be as innocent as a poet imagining a better world than the street in which he lives. No one will blame you for wishing, while chained to London, to live in Sussex, or Cornwall or Donegal. If you can intensify this wish, and bring it more vividly before your imagination by spending ten shillings on a sweepstake ticket, I hold, therefore, that your ten shillings will be well spent.

Elate with this mixture of marine dream-landscape and philanthropy, I used, as I have said, to await a sweepstake draw with considerable excitement. While the draw was going on I bought edition after edition of the evening newspapers and stood still in the street reading long lists of the numbers and names of the winners. I should undoubtedly have been astonished to see my own name among them, but in a measure I was always also astonished not to see my name among them. Call it intuition or what you like, but the fact is I had a queer feeling as I bought each edition of the paper, that I was about to receive the shock of a life-time and discover that I was a wealthy man. My great fear was that, when I did, I should not be able to behave with the coolness customary in the winners of sweepstakes. I should certainly go white. I might faint on the pavement. What I should have liked to be able to do would have been to walk back calmly to the office, nod to the commissionaire at the door as if nothing had happened, and, on meeting an effusive colleague, smile and say, "Oh, that!" and turn the conversation to some ordinary subject. How pleasant it would have been to sit

down and pretend to work as usual, knowing all the time that never again should I have to do a stroke of work unless I wanted to do it!

Now, alas, all this imaginative world is closed to me. I am no longer capable of these deep excitements over riches that I shall never possess. I have ceased, on the days during which the draw is held, to listen expectantly for the sound of a telegraph-messenger's footsteps coming up the path. If a telegram actually arrived during that period I might open it with trembling fingers, but my fingers do not tremble in anticipation. I do not buy countless editions of the evening papers to scan their contents with the wild eye of hope. On this last occasion I was even uncertain what pseudonym I had given and so did not know under what letter to look for my name to see if I had drawn a prize. The truth is, I have lost any belief I ever had in my luck in lotteries, and at the same time I have lost most of my desire to be lucky in lotteries. I even assure myself, bringing superstition to the support of philosophy, that it is not really lucky to be lucky in such things as lotteries and games of chance. When I think of all the other ways in which it is possible to obtain £30,000, I tell myself that there is scarcely one of them that I would not prefer to a sweepstake. Suppose a rich man were to give me a fortune, for example: that is just as likely as my getting a winning ticket in the Irish sweepstake, and it could be done without my photograph's appearing in all the papers and without bringing bagfuls of begging letters to my door. Or suppose I wrote a great and popular novel like the *Pickwick Papers*: that, too, in my present pessimistic mood, does not seem much more unlikely than my winning a first prize in Dublin. Or suppose I were made a partner in a big firm in the City, or discovered that I was heir to a title and an estate that were going begging. There are all kinds of ways of getting rich in a rapid and unexpected fashion, and winning a sweepstake seems to me to be the least desirable of them. At the same time, I shall, no doubt, go on buying tickets in sweepstakes. It has become a habit, and, as it makes other people happy, it is naturally not a habit that one likes to give up. I wish, however, that I could still believe in the possibility of winning a first prize, and so get some fun out of the thing. As it is, my ten shillings is practically charity. Y. Y.

THE DEATH PENALTY

Being the reactions of the small minority of motorists who regard most street accidents as just executions to a letter in the "Times," proposing fines for pedestrians who "take risks."

WHY weaken, by new legislation,
The simple Draconian code
That visits with prompt expiation
Pedestrians' sins on the road,
And says that for loss or debility
Of judgment, or shortness of breath,
Or a lack of athletic agility,
The penalty's death?

Appropriate, just, automatic,
A punishment fitting the crimes,
A wholesome deterrent to static
Refusal to move with the times,
It makes for sound judgment's ascendancy
And quickness of limb and of wit,
And (highly eugenic in tendency)
Weeds out the unfit.

No fine, but a sports-car shall chasten
The wretch who, infirm on his feet,
Neglects to look-out or to hasten
In by-pass, or by-lane, or street;
And he who through haste or through flurry should
Attempt a spectacular dash
Shall go free from the law—for a lorry should
Soon settle his hash. MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

DISARM—SOON, OR REARM—PRESENTLY

SIR,—What, exactly, has Germany offered, and what does she reject?

Her case was clearly set out in Prince Bismarck's statement to the Foreign Office on October 6th, the precise form of which was given in the *News Chronicle* of October 20th. She takes her stand on the British Draft Convention of last March, and rejects the "probationary period," which has now been interpolated into that Draft, through distrust of Hitler. She would have no objection to the Convention "being divided into periods for practical purposes"; but she would have to demand that "equality of rights" should be applied to her during the first period (i.e., the first four years or less). She would undertake immediately the transformation of the long-service Reichswehr into a more numerous army with only eight months service instead of twelve years.

As for weapons, she deals with them under three headings.

(i) *Weapons to be prohibited:* these she renounces wholly, provided, of course, that the prohibition is general, and provided that the other Powers undertake to destroy them within the period of the Convention (e.g., eight years or five) and to forbid their future use. In other words, she offers to accept as a volunteer all the prohibition contemplated in the British Draft, all the prohibitions of Versailles, and any more that we will add, on the simple condition that we accept them likewise. She calls for our prompt and drastic disarmament, to begin forthwith.

To this we reply that even the little disarmament for ourselves that was provided for in the British Draft shall be deferred for, say, four years; and that at the end of that time, if Germany has been good, we will allow her to rearm with every weapon which we retain. The only weapons which we have offered to abolish are these four:

Tanks over 16 *tons* unladen weight. (The laden weight would be about 20 tons. As Lord Hailsham explained a year ago, this is exactly the kind of tank our War Office favours, for "conveying infantry to the suppression of machine-gun posts without undue loss of life").

Mobile guns over 6 *inches* calibre (but not including coastal defence guns, which may have a calibre up to 16 inches). Guns over 4½ inches and under 6 inches may be kept for an unlimited time, in unlimited numbers, by those states (e.g., Britain but not Germany) which now possess them, but may not be replaced.

War-planes over 3 *tons* (but not including flying boats and transport planes, which may be kept).

Chemical, incendiary and bacterial weapons. There is also a promise to abolish all naval and military aircraft, provided that certain heavily-guarded conditions are first fulfilled.

That is all that we promise to abolish, within any fixed period. Sir John Simon explained (October 14th) that, in the second stage of the Convention, four years ahead, there would be "a common list of permitted arms, which would become the same for all countries, and thus the differential positions of the Powers whose arms were limited by the Peace Treaties would finally cease." That would be a fair, though a deferred, application of the principle of equality; but it would be deplorably inadequate as an application of disarmament. Hitler says to us, "Disarm promptly," We reply "Rearm presently yourself."

(ii) *Weapons to be limited in numbers.* Germany asks what weapons are to be limited, and what limits are proposed. "In accordance with the principles of equality, the arms permitted to other countries, but limited in number, must be authorised in Germany during the first period—the actual figure to be the subject of discussion."

Hitherto, in the British Draft, we have only proposed limitations of numbers for three types of weapon, viz., *warships* of various categories, *tanks* under 16 tons unladen, and *war-planes* under 3 tons. (As regards warplanes, the British Draft allowed none at all for Germany. It allowed 500 apiece for ourselves and France, "in commission"; 125 in "immediate reserve": the remainder need not be destroyed but have only to be "put out of commission or otherwise disposed of.")

We propose no limitation of numbers for heavy guns, or field guns, or machine guns, or trench mortars, or rifles; no limitation of stocks; no limitation of expenditure.

Here again, it will be seen, Germany is offered an enormous field for rearmament; unless we accept her offer to discuss further

limitations. She would be released from all the quantitative limitations imposed on her land material at Versailles, and no limitation of expenditure would be put in their place.

(iii) *Weapons not limited at all.* "As for arms not limited at all, as there will be no limitation for the others, there can be no limitation for Germany."

Sir John Simon said "In speaking of no rearmament, I do not mean to dispute the reasonableness, as the Reichswehr is transformed into a more numerous short-service army, of a proportional numerical increase in its armaments." But why should the Reichswehr's equipment of field-guns, machine guns, stocks, etc., be thus limited if the armies of other countries are to remain unlimited in all these respects, as the British Draft contemplates? Naturally the Germans protest: "Merely to double the arms permitted under the Treaty of Versailles for the use of the Reichswehr would represent a discrimination that Germany is not willing to accept and which will not satisfy her need of security."

If limitation of such weapons numerically is likely to be reliable in Germany's case, we should accept it for ourselves. If, however (as seems more probable), it is likely to be unreliable and virtually unverifiable in the case of the smaller weapons, we should drop it in Germany's case, instead of asking for trouble.

As regards supervision, Germany has previously made plain that she will accept it only if it applies to all alike. Of course that is right, as Sir John Simon recognised. But the revised proposals, as indicated by Sir John, appear to involve much supervision for Germany from the outset, but very little limitation to be supervised in countries other than Germany, during the "probationary period." It is not surprising, though not strictly correct, if the proposed supervision is represented in Germany as being deliberately one-sided, aimed at Germany.

I can only conclude from this survey that in this matter, unlike many other matters, Hitler's case is tremendously strong; that, to an extent as yet insufficiently realised, the other Powers are now saying to Hitler "Rearm Presently"; and that we shall make a disastrous error and powerfully reinforce Hitler, if we do not respond more adequately to his challenge, "Disarm Soon."

W. ARNOLD FORSTER

THE PROTECTION OF PRIVACY

SIR,—Everybody will sympathise with Mr. St. John Ervine in his courageous protest last week at the Institute of Journalists against the methods of publicity employed by a certain section of the press. The instances he gave were harrowing enough; Lady Ellerman's account of what she suffered at the hands of photographers when her husband died is still fresh in our minds; and most of us can supplement such stories with cases of a less extreme kind which have come under our own observation. Engaged couples of the upper classes complain that the telephone never ceases to ring until they have agreed to be photographed; the click of the camera is heard behind the altar rails during the marriage service; and at the other end of the social scale a village woman is besieged in her cottage by reporters and photographers because the rumour has reached Fleet Street that the wife of a gardener has received a legacy. The tale is endless.

But are we not ourselves to blame? Open the dailies and the weeklies. Along with pictures of Atlantic flyers and murderers you will find portraits of well-known people, and by no means all of them are public people, but private people, musicians, writers, painters, artists of all kinds. Their homes are photographed, their families, their gardens, their studios, their bedrooms and their writing tables. Interviews appear; their opinions on every sort of subject are broadcast. How, then, can we blame the press if it takes advantage of this disposition on the part of well-known people, and infers that on the whole publicity is desired?

Yet this is by no means always the case. If you ask these "celebrities" why they have consented to make their faces or their houses or their views public property they will reply, for the most part, that they have done so unwillingly, but that unless they consent they will be branded as prigs, curmudgeons or cranks. Often, they will add, the request is made by friends whom it is difficult to refuse, or by struggling journalists in urgent need of the few guineas that the interview or the portrait will procure them. In short, a mild form of blackmail is applied, and out of weariness or good nature they succumb. Few are so simple or so modest as to suppose that any compliment is implied, and nobody nowadays believes that a publicity which is so widespread and indiscriminate has any pecuniary or prestige value for the victim.

Surely now the time has come when it is not enough to protest and to sympathise and to succumb. What is needed is a Society, with funds, with an office and some high-sounding title—Society for the Protection of Privacy or the like—to which those who honestly abominate such practices could belong. It is unnecessary to point out how sublime and authoritative sentiments that sound merely priggish when they are spoken by private people appear when issued with the sanction of an institute. A badge might be worn. A pledge might be administered. Members of the literary profession, for example, might take an oath not to allow any photograph, drawing or caricature of themselves to appear in the papers with their consent; not to give interviews; not to give autographs; not to attend public dinners; not to speak in public; not to see unknown admirers provided with letters of introduction from friends—and so on, and so on. The form of the oath could be varied according to the profession. Any surplus funds could be applied to the abolition of steel traps or to the protection of wild animals. Your readers doubtless will be able to amplify and improve these suggestions. But until some society of the sort is founded and supported we have no right to complain if the press assumes that publicity is sweet, and snaps us while we are being born, married, and lowered into the grave. As a pledge of good faith, may I add that I am willing to take the above oath myself, and to contribute not less than five guineas annually to any society that will rid us of these pests?

VIRGINIA WOOLF

AN OFFICIAL DENIAL

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to an article which appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of the 23rd September, 1933, regarding the Assyrian trouble, and to state that the information received from the Iraqi Government is that the Assyrians who attacked the Iraqi Army were not a small contingent, but a large force composed of over one thousand strong.

The Assyrians did not capture any ammunition column, nor did they drive the Iraqi Army six miles back.

After their encounter with the Army the Assyrian rebels were scattered in every direction. No Assyrian prisoner whatever was killed, nor any British officer called back to Baghdad.

Further, no officer was killed in an alleged accident of an armoured car which turned over.

The officer, whose body was found burnt with the eyes gouged out, was killed in a piquet that had been captured by the Assyrians. It is absolutely a false statement that the Iraqi officers roughly handled a British officer who is alleged to have been sent back to Baghdad, which latter statement is similarly untrue. The British officers who were attached to the force remained with it until it was withdrawn to Mosul after the conclusion of the operations.

JAFAR EL ASKERI
22 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. The Iraqi Minister.

[In this very remarkable *démenti*, the Iraqi Minister in London attempts no reply to our main indictment, and does not even refer to the massacre at Simel. He takes up a number of incidental points on which our information differs from his. Our private reports of the slaughter of prisoners have been reinforced by published statements, and it is unnecessary to discuss whether the British officer was "sent" back to Baghdad or went of his own accord. Since our remarks another paper has reported that the entire military mission were only persuaded from resigning for reasons of "good order and military discipline." Similarly, when the main accusation is that the Assyrian villagers who had been reassured and then disarmed were massacred by Iraqi troops, it seems scarcely worth arguing whether the Assyrian force which had attacked the Iraqi army was comparatively small or large, whether it captured an ammunition column or only a lorry, or whether six miles is an accurate estimate of the distance which the Iraqi army retreated.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

VAN DER LUBBE'S CONDITION

SIR,—In your interesting note on the Reichstag Fire Trial you remark that "Van der Lubbe's behaviour is still unexplained." To anyone acquainted with mental disease it seems very obvious that the unfortunate man is suffering from the stuporose form of dementia praecox, or "schizophrenia." From the onset of the trial his behaviour suggested this form of mental disorder, and day by day the press correspondents have furnished details describing the progress of the disease on text book lines. Such testimony is all the more striking as it is unwitting, and apparently this mental disease is little known to the public, probably because

developed cases are necessarily confined within the walls of a mental hospital. To show how closely the disease is following a predictable course, I may add that a few days ago a mental specialist remarked to me that Van der Lubbe would shortly be insensitive to dribbling saliva or nasal mucus, and the next day one correspondent described how the prisoner's attendants had literally to wipe his nose for him in Court!

If Van der Lubbe had been "foxing," it is extremely unlikely that he would have selected for imitation such a little-known form of insanity or that he could have had the knowledge or the histrionic skill to give such a perfect reproduction. It is doubtful if it would be possible for a sane man, even if a professional artist's model, to hold the "collapsed" pose day after day—try it and see.

It may be of interest to note that stuporose patients are often acutely aware of what is going on round them, and may retain the memory after a return to sanity even if recovery is delayed for years. It will therefore be no evidence that Van der Lubbe has been shamming if he at any time shows a knowledge of what has taken place at this remarkable trial. LETITIA FAIRFIELD, M.D.

PAVLOV AND HIS DOGS

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts has accused me of misrepresentation of facts in my article on Pavlov's experimentations with dogs and of lacking the courage to deny the literal accuracy of Bernard Shaw's description, in *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*, of the Russian's activities.

It would be absurd, of course, to deny this literal accuracy, because such accuracy is never intended in a satire; it would not be courage to do so, but a complete lack of a sense of humour. But I did intend in my article to combat the picture of Pavlov's work that Bernard Shaw gives to his readers, and I do so again now with the more enthusiasm because my accuser accepts this Shavian picture and colours it even more darkly.

Now, to read either *The Black Girl* or Dr. Roberts' letter in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to get the definite impression that Pavlov never experiments with dogs unless their brains are, in whole or in part, extirpated. That is a gross misrepresentation of the facts. Pavlov's experiments are much too delicate and subtle for him to be able to obtain his results from anything but a complete dog wholly in possession of its faculties. Only occasionally and for what may be called negative corroborative evidence does he first operate on the brains of his dogs. He does this with increasing rareness and is in fact searching for a humaner method (see page 328 of *Conditioned Reflexes*).

There is one entirely wrong impression that Dr. Roberts' letter seems to me to give. The leading of one salivary duct (one of many) from the inside of the dog's mouth to the outside—a very minor operation which is said to incommode the animals afterwards hardly at all—is indeed performed on all the dogs. But there is no connection whatever between this and those other operations on the brain that had led sometimes to convulsions and deaths. This impression may not have been intended; but I think it is certainly given.

Dr. Roberts' quotations from *Conditioned Reflexes* are very skilfully presented of course. They comprise the most nauseating passages without exception from the whole book, and mitigating phrases in them are left out. To do this may be considered legitimate in controversy. But it is not legitimate to say that the accounts of these experiments "occupy nearly a hundred pages" of Pavlov's book when in fact they only occupy fifty-seven (out of a total of 411).

But I don't wish to descend to pinpricks. Dr. Roberts ends by hoping that the memory of these animals that have died under Pavlov's hands shall live always in our minds. With that sentiment I agree most heartily. Those dogs are indeed martyrs. But let them be remembered not as martyrs to man's overweening and brutal stupidity, but rather as martyrs (unwilling, it is true, which goes against our conscience) to man's untiring efforts to make a world better for all the species that live in it. As it happens, on the same page as Dr. Roberts' letter is also one praying people to help prevent the crueller kinds of slaughter (and they are very cruel) of animals whose skins are used to bedeck ladies with brains not extirpated but exiguous. There surely is a wider field for the activities of all good animal-lovers and cruelty-haters.

Finally, Dr. Roberts suggests that the value put upon such works as Pavlov's is "hyperbolically assessed." This is not easy for me to answer, for it may well seem that I was not justified in putting forth in my article such claims for Pavlov's work as I did. But that is purely the fault of my exposition—either that it had to be so short or that I did not make clever enough use of what space I had; Pavlov can certainly claim to have benefited his world. It is never easy to assess at once Science's benefits; the scientist himself is too busy to help, and the sentimentalists are the reverse of helpful in refusing to contemplate the benefits even when they are put under their noses.

And perhaps Pavlov has greater claim to beneficence than any other physiologist, in that his findings are not of material so much as psychological import. For man at this moment of his history needs so obviously to learn above all to think ably and clearly and well. He needs to be able to understand his own nature, to be able to contemplate his own mind and its workings critically and from the outside—he needs to appreciate humbly what a poor instrument his mind is, requiring the closest control so that its passions, its false and outworn loyalties, its intolerances, pugnacities, self-deceptions, its liking for indignation rather than cold truth, may be eradicated in time to avoid world-collapse.

And Pavlov has given us as much material as any to help us learn those lessons. H. E. L. MELLERSH

THE DYING PEACE

SIR,—The main conclusion to be drawn from your pamphlet, *The Dying Peace*, is that "Peace or War" must be the paramount issue at the next election.

The resolutions passed unanimously at the Conservative Conference were a flat repudiation of the League of Nations and all that it stands for, coupled with a demand for a new race in armaments. The Conservatives have condemned themselves out of their own mouths. It becomes increasingly clear that no Tory Government could be trusted to uphold the authority of the League, and the present one has been mainly engaged in stabbing it in the back. No honest voter, of whatever party, can dispute these facts.

The only point on which I am at issue with the pamphlet is the statement (page 53) that "no prominent Liberal has raised his voice to condemn the Government's betrayal of peace and the League in the Far East." If you mean Liberals in the Government, presumably dog does not eat dog, but I do not think the day on which Sir Herbert Samuel and his supporters will cross the floor can be long delayed.

I have myself heard Mr. Ramsay Muir denounce the Government's foreign policy; he does so again in the current issue of the *Westminster Newsletter*, with particular reference to the Far East.

Though a life-long Conservative, I can no longer support a party which stands for international anarchy.

Fieldsend, Hunstanton. BARBARA BRISTOW

THE WICKED PEDESTRIAN

SIR,—Talking of blood-boiling—mine has boiled just long enough to make me want to question Y. Y.'s statement in last week's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that there is no doubt that in nine cases out of ten motor accidents occur because drivers are taking risks they should not have taken. Is this an official estimate, or is Y. Y. just guessing? I am not denying for a moment that there are fool motorists, but, after driving about for the past four or five years, both in town and country, I am convinced that the standard of driving is much higher now than ever before, while the standard of walking is shocking. Traffic lights seem to mean nothing to large numbers of pedestrians. I heard a lady in Oxford Street say one day last week as she and a friend stepped confidently off the kerb against the lights: "They *can't* run you down." Mothers with prams start off quite unafraid in the teeth of oncoming traffic, and the general feeling among pedestrians seems to be that, while motorists may be allowed the use of the middle of the road, they have no real right there, and both pavement and road should be available for pedestrians as and when required. To drive a car in a seaside town in the holiday season is enough to deprive a motorist of any remaining nerve he may have.

It seems to me that part of the explanation of the increase in accidents is that pedestrians refuse to notice the fact that there is a very considerable increase in road traffic, and refuse to exercise a correspondingly necessary amount of care. I do feel that as well as a very careful watch being kept on the standard of driving there should also be suitable penalties inflicted on people found guilty of reckless walking. Won't Y. Y. do a little more blood-boiling and let himself go on foolhardy walkers?

16 Endersleigh Gardens, N.W.4. MARGARET MCWILLIAMS

Miscellany

A KENTISH PORTRAIT

ALFRED first came to us in the late summer of 1931. It was wet, rather humid weather generally, with occasional spells of high wind that blew fleets of the whitest clouds up from the coastal marshes and the sea. The earlier summer had been drier and hotter, and to this we attributed the astonishing colour of Alfred's face, which sailed into the garden every morning like the rising sun. But now I sometimes wonder if I ever saw a sun that rose as red and hot as Alfred's face. It was a little less brilliant than a polony sausage and a little more effulgent than a raspberry. It shone like the sausage and yet was as ripe as the fruit. It seemed to be on fire, and the mere sight of Alfred made us feel hot and clammy. It seemed also as if Alfred himself was on fire, since even before he took off his jacket every morning the sweat was standing in little clusters, like yellow berries, on his flaming face. His hair was very black, as though charred, and his eyes, brown and rather protruding, flickered and bubbled as though they were two chestnuts being roasted on the hob of his burning countenance.

Alfred had come to dig for us. What I have called the garden was then an acre of rank grassland on the edge of a disused farmyard. Docks had seeded there for a thousand years; the thistle-flowers prickled my face as I walked; the white camomile daisies made thick drifts of yellow and snow. But this was to be the garden. And Alfred had come to dig its foundations.

At first I had some difficulty in establishing communication with him. He was very shy and he spoke as though with a mouthful of plums and in a dialect that was not local. He was twenty-three, yet the tenor of his speech had about it the inarticulate deliberation of a man of ninety. It appeared soon that he was a Romney Marsh man. Later this seemed inevitable. He was so thick and strong and so dwarfish without being a dwarf that he must have been typical of the marshes. He had been built to withstand the cruelty of marsh winds, which in turn had stunted him as they stunted the marsh hawthorns. Here, too, was explained the mystery of his face; the marsh winds had burnt it with their freezing saltiness.

Finally Alfred understood what I wanted of him. He was to spade off the coarse turf in layers, double-trench the soil and bury the turf eighteen inches deep.

"About eighteen inches," I said. He shot one glance as though to say did I mean eighteen inches or didn't I mean eighteen inches? And out came his ruler.

"Eighteen inches." He measured it with his thumb nail.

Thereafter there was a sort of gospel finality about that eighteen inches. Nothing could alter it.

So Alfred began to dig, and every morning, for weeks, he went on with this digging. He dug as I had never seen a man dig before. Up came the spade, breast-high, and then down, striking the earth as though it were some damnable pest, down too came Alfred's foot as though the spade in turn were a damnable pest, up came the freed soil, out shot the spade, and then a pause, and then up again came the spade in readiness for that downward blow. It was a ritual of strength.

It was beautiful. But with it went other rituals.

"Would you," said Alfred, "mind if I broke off at ten for a little refreshment?"

I did not mind, and punctually every morning at ten Alfred broke off. He was a teetotaler and drank hot cocoa from a vacuum flask, his face growing hotter and redder as he drank. Then, from many wrappings of newspaper, he would produce what seemed to me a sort of colossal white bomb, but which was in reality a jam turnover. He would munch at this solidly for twenty minutes, his eyes bobbing and his neck straining at the dry pastry. During this time he did not—and I suppose could not—speak.

For the same reason he did not dig. So that the cocoa and the bomb between them lost me twenty minutes each day or perhaps an hour and a half each week. This was nothing; but in spite of the ten o'clock pause there were still two drinks of cocoa left in the vacuum flask, so that at eleven o'clock and also at twelve Alfred would again make the excursion to the tool-shed. When he returned again in the afternoon he would seem to be more than ever on fire. "Lummy, if I don't like my dinner," he would say, and as if to cool himself down he would bring with him a quart bottle of lemonade to be drunk at two-thirty, three o'clock, three-thirty, four o'clock and four-thirty. At four-forty-five he would drain the bottle and begin to clean his tools for the day. All this meant excursions to the tool-shed. But Alfred's face was so soberly honest that I could say nothing.

But I began to notice that Alfred was never punctual. We compared watches and they synchronised. So I remonstrated with him, in a sort of off-hand, apologetic fashion, very gently.

"I bin delayed," he said.

Against the dignity, mystery and finality of that statement I could say nothing. It made me feel almost ashamed. And I let it pass. But Alfred was never early.

At last, in spite of the fact that the tools were never right and that Alfred had sprained his back, the borders were finished, and in spite of cocoa and bomb and lemonade and the morning lateness it was beautiful work, the soil laying as straight as though spirit-levelled, the colour of dark brown sugar in the late sunlight.

Then came the rock-garden, and we went to look at the site for it one September morning.

"Ah, lummy if I know," said Alfred. "By Jingoes if I know."

"You don't think it can be done?" I said.

"Ah, it can be done," said Alfred. "But lummy if I know."

He stood in dubious contemplation.

"O' course," he said at last. "It'll take time."

"Yes, I know that. But how long?"

"Ah, by Jingoes if I know. That's hard to say, that is. A fine old many hours."

All this was characteristic of Alfred. He regarded every fresh problem with suspicious doubt and great pessimism. He manufactured colossal difficulties and for some days he spoke of the rock-garden as though I were asking him to take over the care of an ailing and illegitimate child.

"Ah, I don't know. It's a funny job. Lummy if I know."

This was very curious, for the making of the rock-garden was in fact to be exactly the same as the making of the borders had been, except that the turf was to be buried deeper and the soil thrown up higher in readiness for the boulders.

And finally Alfred must have seen this, for he began to work on it in his calm, solid powerful fashion, fortified as before by bomb and cocoa and lemonade.

I would go out to talk with him and help on fine afternoons; and once when I spoke of London, he confessed that he had never been there.

"But," he said, "I bin to Maidstone. So I got a good idea o' what it's like."

The high winds continued, I remember, as we finished the rock-garden, and finally Alfred called my attention to them.

"I don't know if you've noticed," he said, "these winds?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, lummy if I know, but I fancy they're caused by aeroplanes. It stands to sense that with all these aeroplanes flying over the top o' the world you're going to get a tidy old wind. That's my idea."

And he remains unshakeable in that solemn conviction, though the marsh winds must have buffeted and whipped him since the time when aeroplanes were rarer than eagles.

The garden is finished. The flowers have risen in glory from Alfred's foundations. When I look out of my window I see the late sunlight shining on Michaelmas daisies taller than Alfred will ever be and the dazzling blue trumpets of late gentians blowing away among the great rocks that Alfred quarried and picked up and set in their places like children. He comes

and stands sometimes in awe of the rocks and the flowers. "By Jingoes, nobody would never believe it," he says, never, I suppose, dreaming it is his own handiwork.

Looking at Alfred, indeed, nobody would ever believe it. His face grows redder and shyer and more stupid; his eyes bobble and he continues to speak as though with perpetual plums in his mouth; he holds to his theories about the winds and the Metropolis; he still consumes his colossal morning bomb, his cocoa and his lemonade; he seems to be more than ever wilfully stubborn against new ideas, filled by them with solid doubt and pessimism; he is never early, he grouses, things are not right; his back aches, he has sprained his foot, or his spade is blunt; his redness and his bewildered speech and his eternal habit of cocking up his head as though looking for the wind or for the aeroplanes that cause it make him the laughing-stock of his fellow-men.

He is in short very typical of his race and his kind. Indeed, he might be a caricature. But he exists in reality, and I should not be surprised if his kind existed as long as there are winds that blow up from the coastal marshes and the sea and across Kentish woods and fields.

H. E. BATES

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

BEFORE 1919 Keynes was a don and a Treasury official; with the publication of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* he became a best-seller and one of the most highly paid journalists in the world. Trained as a mathematician and philosopher, he discovered, as he has himself said, that in that field he could never be in the first rank: in economics the least explored and most abstract territory found him completely at home. And unlike most economists he combined analytical ability with a superb gift of lucid exposition, a capacity for brilliant characterisation and a passion for applying intelligence to human affairs. He could not help becoming a prophet and pamphleteer as well as an economist. It is bold to offer oneself as Chief Economic Advisor to the world and not all his prophecies have been so precisely correct as those in the *Economic Consequences*. But the charges of caprice and inconsistency so often levelled against him really signify very little except that his mind deals swiftly and somewhat cavalierly with practical difficulties, offering one possible solution after another in a way that is terrifying and bewildering to the cautious and the solidly rooted. Thus in the crisis of 1931 it was said that wherever "five economists were gathered together there were six opinions, two of them Keynes's." Why not? Either of the alternative policies he offered to meet the urgent facts would have saved the Government from the catastrophe that awaits those who are incapable of making up their minds.

The man with a good digestion accepts everything which is put in front of him and develops an omnivorous love of reality. Keynes has too good a digestion for most of us. It functions too well and he takes too much pleasure in it. He can digest any facts and the process delights him. He belongs neither to political, University nor business life, but to all three, and looks after ballets and picture shows and has time to love pictures and books in his spare time. He does not feel that the day has been well spent unless he has filled three large waste-paper baskets and left his writing table bare for the morrow. If he is cut off from business papers, a garden overgrown with weeds provides him with a substitute. By luncheon you will find him out of breath, pleased with himself, a cleared patch without a single weed or root of a weed in it and three or four wheel-barrow loads of refuse.

In conversation he is rapid; if you make him say "I must have time to think about that," you have distinctly scored. Sometimes his mind seems rather to possess the qualities of a liquid than a solid, and to run round and over an obstacle rather than to dispose of it. Like a stream he often appears travelling in opposite directions. A friend once said that there was no reason to say anything if you were talking to Keynes, because he always thought of a better remark than yours before you had had time to think of it. That is exactly how you feel if you are in agreement with him. If you want to persuade him to a different point of view, avoid challenging his reasoning—never dispute the accuracy of a slide rule. If the result is obviously wrong, suspect at once that you may yourself have provided him with a faulty premise. Since he is troubled with sympathies and prejudices rather than with principles, the best policy is to find him a new premise; in a few minutes he may be successfully discovering for you all the arguments in support of your own conclusion.

Keynes is so affectionate, loyal and warm blooded that until one meets him in opposition one may not understand where he gets his reputation for arrogance. He has an unavoidable consciousness that he is intellectually superior to the great ruck of mortals. He does not suffer fools. He minds about culture and personal freedom, but not at all about equality; he hates waste more than he hates suffering, and he is quite capable of being ruthless when he wants his own way. He is the most benevolent, impish, dangerous and persuasive promoter of ideas, and his eyes, arresting, commanding and challenging at times, are at others as soft and lively as bees' bottoms in blue flowers. It is the less poetical side that Low reveals.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

ALL the big orchestral societies have now started on their autumn season. The London Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic, the B.B.C. and the Courtauld-Sargent Club have all given one or more concerts, and as the season goes on we shall be able to make comparative judgments with more confidence. So far the most impressive concert in my opinion was the first of the Courtauld-Sargent series which was conducted by Robert Heger in place of Otto Klemperer, who has gone to America to fulfil an engagement. Klemperer is one of the musicians to have suffered through the advent of the Nazis into power in Germany, being a victim of the anti-Jewish campaign, in spite of the fact that like Mendelssohn he was a Christianised Jew and, I understand, a sincere Roman Catholic. He had been for some time one of the principal conductors of the Berlin State Opera, but he has lost his job, and, so far as I know, has received no compensation, although his contract had another four years to run. It is incidents such as these which have no doubt influenced such musicians as Huberman, Casals, Adolf Busch and others in their decision not to play in Germany at the present time, and it is rather naive—to say the least—of Furtwängler to be surprised at their attitude. Furtwängler himself is now Nazi-Generalissimo of Music in Germany, and it is a position which no doubt satisfies his autocratic nature, although it is difficult to see how he reconciles it with his artistic principles.

No doubt German non-Jewish musicians must carry on as best they can their musical activities in Germany, however much the best of them may deplore racial and religious discrimination against their fellow artists and colleagues. The worst of them, of course, are only too happy to have jumped into jobs which they would never have obtained on their musical merits, but this narrow partisan spirit will not last for ever, and the best policy for everybody at present is not to make too much fuss about the wrongs and sufferings of Jews or the intolerance of Nazis. All men, whatever their pretended race or religion or ideology, are liable to spasms of prejudice and intolerance, and these outbreaks always have a cause and are not mere idle outbreaks of ill-will.

The appearance of Robert Heger in Klemperer's place introduced to us a conductor who has been well known for some years at Covent Garden, where he has often conducted one or more cycles of the *Ring* with a singular modesty and competence. This was his first appearance in a London concert hall as an orchestral conductor, and the programme was one that served thoroughly to test his powers. A Branden-

burg concerto and Beethoven's A major symphony were the first and last items, and between them came a Sinfonietta by the Moravian composer Janácek which had, to my knowledge, only been played once before in London. Heger's reputation here has been that of a very competent, thorough German conductor, completely reliable, but perhaps not especially distinguished except in a soundness of musicianship which is rarer in England than it is in Germany. But his first concert here proved that such a reputation does not do justice to his qualities. Beethoven's A major symphony is one of the severest tests a conductor can be given, because to present it adequately calls for the purest musicianship. Mere sensibility and virtuosity will not suffice to interpret this remarkable work, because it offers no lyrical or sentimental material, but is an extraordinary example of pure rhythmic design. The consequence is that most performances are a cruel travesty of this work, making it sound blatant and even banal and crude. The last performance of it I heard in the Queen's Hall before Mr. Heger's was almost unbearable in its noisy crudity, and I should think that it cost Mr. Heger considerable pains at rehearsal to get the orchestra to play it as they did with the precision, lightness, flexibility and vitality displayed on this occasion. It was, in my opinion, the finest performance we have heard in London of this symphony for very many years.

The same qualities were shown in the performance of the Janácek Sinfonietta. This work has been very badly treated by my colleagues in the press. Mr. Ernest Newman scornfully points out that the composer shows a complete incapacity for thematic development; but why should we ask of a composer something he has never intended or attempted to give us? No doubt if he gives us nothing at all we may pertinently point to his several deficiencies, but surely we must not expect all musicians to compose alike, or to try to do the same things. And why should we make fun of a Sinfonietta's having five movements when most symphonies have four or less? One must try to listen to new works without these preconceptions of what the composer ought to be doing. It is because so few critics are willing or able to do this that composers like Berlioz, for example, hardly ever receive their due. It is now a hundred years since Schumann pointed out that if you try to reharmonise Berlioz's themes you are sure to make a mess of them; yet every time a composition of Berlioz is played some fool is sure to complain of his thin harmony—unaware that this is part of Berlioz's intended effect.

The Janácek Sinfonietta opens with a movement written for thirteen trumpets, two tenor tubas and percussion, and it is one of the most original and pleasing ideas in modern music. This combination of brass and percussion is not only very striking and individual, but extremely beautiful to those with ears to hear; and it was a revelation to find how Mr. Heger had disciplined the brass players of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, for it is rarely indeed that we hear a mass of brass instruments in such unanimity and beauty of tone. Personally, I think that the brass players of our London orchestras are far from achieving the artistic excellence that we should demand from them, and it is chiefly because it is not demanded by our conductors that it is not given. I should like to see young composers writing works for combinations of brass instruments without any strings, and writing in a way that would demand of them the highest artistic qualities. As it is the brass is almost looked upon as an inferior or plebeian member of the orchestral body, and this is an incorrect attitude.

No doubt the Janácek Sinfonietta was not adequately appreciated, because it is conceived in a romantic vein and in a rhapsodical manner which are quite out of fashion at the moment. But if we are to judge a work by its qualities of spontaneity, invention, colour, fancy and vivacity, we must give high marks to the Sinfonietta on all these points. It is the work of a true composer, a musician born by nature to compose, not the work of a man with nothing but a gift of assimilation, who has been trained long and laboriously to cover sheets of music with notes.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Mayor Gallery

This exhibition has been arranged jointly with Mr. Read as an accompaniment to his book *Art Now*. The small, heavy Picasso (28) will occupy, for many, the chief place: it has the compactness, the loaded balance of a bomb. Among the less familiar names, one of the most interesting pictures is that by Mr. Ben Nicholson (26). He is now our foremost abstract painter, and with this example he finely displays his two remarkable talents, for tonal and textural values. It is a fairly large work, white masses on chocolate, with red and blue notes, and though it lacks architectonic power each part of the surface is treated with an exquisite sensitivity. The pigment is of a subtle diversity which makes it quite delicious to examine, comparing most advantageously with that, for instance, of the Lurçat (20) (strongly influenced by Ernst) where fancy is masked as imagination. Mr. Paul Nash's arrangement of scaffolding among clouds, in cold brown and blue (25), testifies to Mr. Read's capabilities of selection. The Miro (24) is, luckily, not a specimen of the overcrowded ones, and the Dali (7) is less of a frightening Frith than usual. Yet, how right is Mr. Roger Fry about the danger to artists of dreams! Still more, it should be added, of the dream intellectualised. The grey and red devils of Masson (23) are not quite so vulgar as they seem, but remain less Dionysian than dithering. Among the sculpture, the movable Giacometti (39) has a considerable fascination—when shall we have an exhibition of the American, Calder?—but the calm world-of-its-own by Mr. Henry Moore (41) possesses a less fugacious appeal.

"This Side Idolatry"

As chronicle play succeeds chronicle play, it is hard not to conclude that the chief attraction of the method is its bland shelving of inconvenient responsibilities. Nobody would deny that a good deal of superficial research has gone to the making of *This Side Idolatry*, at the Lyric, but apart from the game of recognising phrases, seeing Greene drunk and Marlowe magniloquent, there is little satisfaction in the piece. Its pattern invites one to sympathise with a highly successful playwright who is compulsorily retired after three failures, by his company—not, on the face of it, a matter of great moment. But if the playwright was Shakespeare? The irony is piquant but lacking in authenticity. Apart from this dramatic theme lies the Dark Lady affair. Mr. Talbot Jennings plumps again for the superficial-obvious and makes her categorically responsible for *Hamlet*. Easily the most impressive moment of the play is Shakespeare mounting guard over his creation and daring Burbage to magnoperate it into nonsense at rehearsal—a possible situation which has been "written up" as comedy before, but never in just seriousness. Mr. Leslie Howard is far too gentlemanly as Shakespeare, but he manages to suggest a certain intellectual integrity without much encouragement from the text. Mr. Gyles Isham enjoys himself (very rightly) as Burbage, Mr. Arthur Young combines roughness and respect as Ben Jonson, and Miss Margaret Rawlings gives Mary Fitton fierce intensity, if little more.

"The Wind and the Rain" at the St. Martin's

A naturalistic study of student life is a difficult thing to bring off in these days. There is so much competition. This time the students are medical, and in diggings. But they are all here, the old familiar types; the witty slacker, the golf-playing "hearty," the man of the world and the "little Willie who was never good at games" but has repressions and reads Aldous Huxley. First-hand information and a nice wit are the only hopes and, having these, Mr. Merton Hodge almost gets away with it. But not quite, because he allows his little Willie to be unbearably sentimental for fifteen or twenty minutes at a stretch. Mr. Robert Harris is very convincing, gauging to a nicety that self-centred fastidiousness, commonly mistaken for sensibility, for which the author has too much sympathy. When observation fails him the author falls back on the worst models, and can make his heroine say at a critical moment: "Sometimes" (gulp) "it hurts . . ." which sounds Home Chatty even when Miss Celia Johnson says it. But in spite of these lapses and in spite of the subject the play has plenty of freshness and charm. In the case of one character at least the author's gift of stylish reproduction has brilliant results. His Gilbert Raymond is a remarkable piece of Academy portraiture, and Mr. Mackenzie Ward never fumbles once in giving life to it.

Jupiter Translated

The Mercury experimental theatre has begun its career at Notting Hill very happily with this production of Mr. W. J. Turner's adaptation of Molière's *Amphitryon*. The joke is a good one and wears well—one is continually being reminded of Pirandello, as Amphitryon and Sosie attempt to disentangle their own personalities from those of their divine supplanters. The dialogue is crisp and vigorous, the ballet and incidental music delicious. Miss Veronica Turleigh as Alcmene has an exquisite dignity and beauty of voice and gesture, and the correct note of gentle burlesque is admirably contrived in the scenes on Olympus. If a fault may be hinted in what is essentially an unpretentious production it is an excess of "style" on the part of the farcical characters. There were moments when one wished devoutly that they would drop their mannered gestures and grimaces and give the lines and situations a chance to score their own hits without so much laboured emphasis. In the presence of the gods, bewildered humanity is itself the best joke of all, and Sosie and Cleanthis are parts which obviously call for comic realism of the music-hall brand. Mr. W. E. C. Jenkins' incisive Mercury, however, is excellent, and so is Mr. Romilly Lunge's metaphysical love-making as Jupiter.

Small Beer at the Gate

The Gate Theatre Studio has only itself to blame if its latest production provokes impatience and ennui. *The Fare Includes Romance* is a nice little play in the Gertrude Jennings vein, but it has no business in a theatre which has built up its reputation on experiment and intellectual enterprise. We are asked to sympathise with the mental agonies of a superior young gentleman who conducts tours to Lovely Lucerne and Romantic Venice for a pompous humbug of a proprietor who stays in London and draws the money. In Mr. Greenwood's mind the tourists conform to half a dozen set norms of behaviour. He is hopelessly bored with them and they retaliate by grousing, nagging or making love to him. Finally, he breaks away from his sordid occupation, having caused some distress to a susceptible typist who has seduced him. The piece would be slightly more interesting if either Mr. Lewis Shaw or the author attempted to suggest to us that Greenwood is anything but a conceited little cub who richly deserves all he gets. The rest of the cast are mildly funny caricatures of the English abroad.

"The Private Life of Henry VIII."

The British film industry has now attained to years of discretion. With *Rome Express* it showed that it could produce a certain type of fast-moving, cleverly worked-out, exciting, but not over-stimulating, picture; and with *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, presented for the first time at the Leicester Square Theatre on Tuesday night, it gave a convincing demonstration that its ambitions and point of view are no longer bounded by those of Hollywood. Photography and setting are alike brilliant. The producer, Mr. Alexander Korda, has made good use of that fine and experienced camera-man, M. Georges Perinal, who has himself made the most of Mr. John Armstrong's beautiful dresses. Considered as photography, the film is at its best in the hawking, cock-fighting and dancing scenes, where the huge shadows of dancers and wrestlers are cast by the glow of a big open central hearth on to a background of Flemish arras, or when a messenger, announcing the birth of the future Edward VI, spurs across Hampton Court bridge to overtake Henry in the field. The dialogue, however, is rather poor; it hovers between farce and tragedy, between Anne Boleyn's last morning on earth—Anne is delightfully played by Miss Merle Oberon—and Henry in his night-gown on the threshold of Anne of Cleves' bedroom door, muttering: "The things I have done for England . . ."—a quip which successfully "brought down the house." Though the script affords little indication that Henry was either a Tudor or a royal personage, Charles Laughton puts immense vigour into the role; one wishes, nevertheless, he had had better lines. If the producers can find Laughton a real part—one that lends scope to his extraordinary abilities—and can retain the services of Mr. Korda and M. Perinal, there is no telling what triumphs they may presently score. Meanwhile, episodic and loose as it is, a mere stringing together of splendid photography and diverting anecdotes, *Henry VIII* is undoubtedly a film to see.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 27th—
- British Drama League Conference, Edinburgh.
- S. P. B. Mais on "New Orleans," B.B.C., 9.30.

SUNDAY, October 29th—
- J. A. Hobson on "Democracy in the Nineteenth Century," Conway Hall, 11.
- Moiseiwitsch, Chopin Recital, Palladium, 3.15.
- R. Cuttock on "The Fallacy of the Corporate State," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Rd., Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, October 30th—
- Lener Quartet, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Finished Abroad," Fulham Theatre.

TUESDAY, October 31st—
- George W. Cadbury on "Experiments in Revolution," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Mrs. Dora Russell on "Rearing Children Without Religion," Conway Hall, 7.
- Miss Lejeune on "What it is Worth While to Look for in Films," Y.W.C.A., Central Club, Gt. Russell Street, 7.30.
- Public Meeting to Urge the Government to Make the Provision of School Meals for Necessitous Children an Obligation on the part of Local Authorities, Caxton Hall, 8.
- W. Bridges Adams on "Shakespeare and the Producer," Morley College, 8.
- Prof. J. B. S. Haldane on "Materialism," University College, 8.15.
- Gigli, Albert Hall, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, November 1st—
- "Ladies' Night," Aldwych Theatre.

THURSDAY, November 2nd—
- International Commercial Motor Exhibition, Olympia.
- Dr. Barrie Lambert on "Public Health Services under the L.C.C." Morley College, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Gay Divorce," Palace Theatre.
- Prof. C. Delisle Burns on "Changing Social Standards," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.
- Arthur Greenwood on "The Policy of the Socialist Party," B.B.C., 9.20.

THAT DISTINCTIVE NOTE!

QUIET distinction with a sense of ease—that is the great characteristic of "LUVISCA" Shirts and Soft Collars, due to fine, smooth texture and perfect quality and making. The fast colourings now favoured may be seen in abundance in "LUVISCA" Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas.

Look for the Registered Tab. None genuine without.

SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades including two collars 10/6 each.

PYJAMA SUITS in striped designs or plain shades 17/6 each.

Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.

Sold by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, and all AUSTIN REED SHOPS.

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

ASK for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just as good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. 143M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for the name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHO was the happiest of men? Or rather who deserved to be the happiest? I think that model of chivalry the White Knight. He was, to be sure, always falling off his horse; he was always being disillusioned, and he was always weeping. Yet Lewis Carroll has not reported his life fully and the lunatic days of absorption with a new idea, the frenzied moments of inventive genius, the proud restful periods of contemplation when he could first lean back and exclaim: "It's my own invention!"—these are not reported in Alice. We are given, indeed, a very incomplete picture: the knight in his old age when he had grown (like Astrov in *Uncle Vanya*) a perfectly idiotic pair of moustaches and when he had become accustomed to the failure or rather lack of practical usefulness of anklets, cavalry officer's beehive and mousetrap, and weather-proof box (inverted model). In his prime he must have been a very different and less Wordsworthian figure. Indeed, if you would like to know what he was as a young man, you should read Mr. Leo Walmsley's self-absorbed, egotistic and triumphantly self-satisfied account of his invention of the collapsible lobster-pot, in *Phantom Lobster* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Walmsley was brought up among the Yorkshire fishermen somewhere near Robin Hood's Bay, and he is more of a rough diamond and more self-assertive in manner than the dear White Knight would ever have been, so that the reader's heart does not go out to him at once. He is too pleased with his own little ways, such as the bucket of formalin in which he used to plunge the dirty dishes in his cottage rather than wash up at regular intervals and anyone who has had to work with an open jar of formalin beside him in the laboratory will feel his throat tickling and his eyes filling with tears at the thought. But this was, of course, merely another of "My own inventions"—and must not be looked at too severely on its own merits.

* * *

Mr. Walmsley's father was a painter, who invented a collapsible easel, which in its early stages:

> Consisted of a wood tray similar to that used by railway platform newsvendors; and in action this tray was similarly slung round the artist's shoulders by a strap. The easel was hinged to the outer edge of the tray and when folded lay inside it. In action, however, it could be raised up and extended and adjusted to the size of the canvas or drawing block, and kept in position by two lateral struts. At this stage, despite a tendency for the tray to fall inwards whenever the artist relaxed the supporting tension of his stomach muscles, the apparatus was tolerably successful; and it had absorbed in its construction nothing more than a paint-box, two ordinary easels and a folding chair. But dad was not satisfied. . . . He discovered by an unsought for experiment, that the whole apparatus was an awkward thing to have attached to your person when you were being pursued across a field by an infuriated bull. He gave his easel folding legs, adopting for their purpose the tripod of his camera. . . . He added gadgets for holding his water-tin, brushes and paints; and at last incorporated in the whole structure a sunshade and a folding stool. This stool, later, he detached. Apart from a new paint-box, it formed the sole equipment of his sketching expeditions after he had rediscovered that it was much easier to paint with your canvas or block on your knees and your colours on the ground.

I have quoted that amusing passage because it shows that Mr. Walmsley comes of good stock and has inventions in the blood.

* * *

After this the collapsible lobster-pot itself is a bit of a disappointment. It was simple, solid, and it worked—and for a time Mr. Walmsley foresaw millions in it. Once the reader realises that this lobster pot is not going to be a comic futility, his reactions will change, and he will share the thrill of discovery which is perhaps the greatest excitement a man can have to-day. The great merit of *Phantom Lobster* is the infectious enthusiasm which it inspires once the ice is really broken between the author and the reader. There is no question of the need of collapsible lobster pots—the technical difficulties in the path of the inventor are simple in the extreme and admirably explained, the solution so simple as to be almost obvious, eminently satisfactory and easily grasped. A child could do the job with a meccano set.

* * *

Ordinary lobster-pots, off the coast of Yorkshire, are made with board bottoms and hazel wood hoops and are netted all over with funnels of net to admit the lobster and netted doors through which he can afterwards be extracted. They work perfectly, but ninety of them make an unwieldy mountain in an open boat and they are easily smashed up in rough weather on the bottom of the sea. Thus the inshore fisherman is continually losing his pots and continually having to be making new ones when he ought to be fishing. Filled with his problem, Mr. Walmsley searched through the village midden and raked out the iron framework of a broken bedstead and pieces of a wrecked baby carriage. With what envy I read of the desperate night's work he spent cutting up these materials with a shrieking hacksaw, drilling them with a borrowed drill, riveting them with cold rivets!

* * *

Over the iron skeleton the netting was woven by the fishermen; the pot collapsed and could be erected at will; and now Mr. Walmsley takes us with him and his friends, the fishermen, out to sea—shovelling the frozen snow out of the boat in the dark and going out in the wildly pitching boat to face another snowstorm with the dawn. There is an awful moment when each of the old hazel pots comes up loaded with crabs and the solitary sample collapsible pot proves to be empty. There is the moment which is almost worse, when the Birmingham manufacturer quotes a price of two pounds apiece for the patent pots. Yet the reader's faith by this time is so strong that nothing can shake it. Having watched the pot conceived, having shared the inventor's triumph at his simple solution of the obvious, and his pains in executing it, it is impossible to doubt again. It was with a chill of fear that I remembered the name of the book, *Phantom Lobster*.

* * *

And, indeed, there seems no reason to abandon faith in it. The lobsters that the pot caught were real; the advantages of the invention were genuine. The cost of manufacture turned out not to be prohibitive. Yet in spite of there being everything in its favour, this book is apparently the funeral monument of the invention. There are not more than two dozen of the collapsible pots in use or lost at the bottom of the sea. It was not, according to Mr. Walmsley (and I believe every word he says implicitly), the conservatism of the fishermen—it was simply the lack of financial support that was the stumbling block. No one wanted to risk his money, no one could foresee much profit in the invention. There was no hope for it unless the government made the pots and gave them away to the fishermen. The millions he had imagined were not there.

* * *

It is a peculiar story; told with direct eloquence which compels belief and enthusiasm in the reader. Whether the pot is any good or not (whether, indeed, it ever existed), is immaterial to the value of the book. But the invention as a subject for a book is admirable—and one to which men who read it are certain to respond. If it leaves others as unsatisfied as it does me, many readers will be cutting up angle-iron all over the country with hacksaws and rowing out to drop their contraptions in the sea. Personally, I believe in collapsible lobster pots, even more than I believe in Mr. Walmsley as a writer, and regard them as worth their weight in new books; but how can the inventor have failed to conjure money out of the pockets of financiers—and why should he bother to write books? He is a superb confidence man at any rate. Certainly it is a very good book—but what is the value of a book? Think of all the lobsters. . . . DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Escape to Life. By FERENC KÖRMENDI. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

Great Circle. By CONRAD AIKEN. *Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

Gay Life. By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

No Castle in Spain. By WILLIAM MCFEE. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

For those who grew up when Henry James and Hardy were the most admired English exponents of fiction, *Howards End* the discussion piece of cultured homes, and *The White Peacock* a thrilling newcomer, it is perhaps difficult not to go on seeking in novels something which many novelists do not set out to provide. I refer to the presentation of character and of situations arising therefrom. A definition of a category which had to include *War and Peace*, *Persuasion*, *Tom Jones* and *Madame Bovary* was always necessarily vague; but in the last decade it has been stretched even looser to accommodate *Ulysses*, *Mrs. Dalloway* and the ten volumes of Miss Dorothy Richardson's single and still unfinished work of art. Our conception of the ways in which character can be presented has been enlarged; and sometimes we have had to relinquish our desire for character altogether—to lose that in order to gain something else: a sense of the passage of time; of the powerful realm of the unconscious; of conflicts that go deeper than personality; of the part of man, underlying character, which is in some obscure relation to the universe. In such books, to ask for a coherent John and a Mary you would recognise in the Tube would be irrelevant. But when a novel fails to impose its own alternative to character-interest, then John and Mary will be missed.

Escape to Life may be considered in this light. It has been well translated by an anonymous American from the Hungarian, in which language it won an international competition; this fact and its success in seven other languages are not its only claims to attention, for there is a certain free confidence in its approach, a surface richness of incident and a noticeable feeling for form. It seems at first as if Mr. Körmendi intended to subordinate character-interest to a larger scheme—to make his persons counters in a picture of the European after-war debacle. Thus the young professional men to whom he introduces us, who are linked by having been at school together and by their habit of meeting monthly at a café rather than by friendship, are presented as a group, not as distinguishable individuals. When one of their number, the clerk Kelemen, learns that another long-lost schoolmate has become a rich architect in South Africa they are moved by a perfectly uniform determination to exploit Kadar should he be induced to revisit Budapest. After this introduction we are taken back in time to the moment of Kadar's leaving the army, and we follow him through many vicissitudes of poverty, relative prosperity and a succession of love affairs, ending in marriage with a rich young widow. By now the emphasis has shifted altogether from group to individual consciousness, and then the reader requires to be really interested in Kadar to feel some special significance in his story. But throughout the contacts, struggles and emotions which befell him a curious sense of emptiness run: we know that such things occur, but we are not convinced that they occurred exactly thus, because the central figure is shadowy, not solid. His only characteristic is his sexual enterprise, which is slightly greater than Kelemen's, and enables him to use women, not quite heartlessly, as rungs in the ladder. So little impression do his loves make on us that when, arriving in Budapest in response to Kelemen's suggestion, he falls in love with the latter's sister, we have difficulty in recalling the girl in his past of whom Joli reminds him. Our hopes of a larger, more impersonal theme emerging are also falsified: nor is the opportunity taken to make Kadar and Kelemen, the success and the failure, possess some mystical identity. When Kadar and his wife depart without being exploited, leaving Kelemen to despair, the sense of emptiness remains. For all its action, and lively scenes often well-described, the book has not imposed itself.

In *Great Circle* (but why Great?), Mr. Aiken has plunged into those depths of character where the Unconscious meets the Conscious, and only the psycho-analyst is quite at home. He has drawn a brilliant portrait of an egotist. Andy is an extremely clever introspective, self-conscious man in turmoil because his wife has taken a lover; but a man incapable of detachment, incapable of seeing a situation from another point of view than his own, whose cleverness is therefore more of a hindrance than a help to the situation which Part One of the book exposes—a situation towards the production of which he has, in his wife's opinion at least, contributed. "I'm both yellow and secretive," he says of himself, "that's the fate, my boy, of the self-conscious, also manic depressive." He is on his way home unexpected by his wife, with the intention of confirming his suspicions of her infidelity. They are confirmed. Part Two is a throw-back to Andy's childhood, showing him as sadistic, sensitive, tormented by unformulated suspicion of a liaison between his mother and his uncle. They are drowned in a storm at sea and Andy finds the foundered boat with their bodies. In Part Three we return to the present and Andy's inebriated outpourings to a psycho-analytical friend Bill, whose occasional home-truths he half admits and half resents. In Part Four at Bill's instigation he meets his wife at a concert, she having been left for days in ignorance of his whereabouts and mental condition. Repudiating the core of Bill's advice, he refuses to take her with him to the sea-coast scene of his childhood's shocking tragedy; the book ends with him starting off alone, despair lessening, hope growing because of "the strange, exciting mixture of astonishment and suffering with which—at a moment of discovery—one loses one's self in order to create one's self."

I imagine it is clear that this is emphatically a novel for highbrows: for them it provides fascinating reading. The virtuosity with which it expresses elusive and complicated moods—as when every layer of the self seems false—is amazing; so is the purity of style. There are some exquisite passages descriptive of Cambridge, Mass., and the New England coast. In the midst of filth, hatred and fantasy, Andy, remembering his childhood, cries:

> You know, at midnight, under a brown wild moon, with a warm south wind and a surf running. So that the surf is all of sinister curled bronze, and the sound fills the whole damned night, and the beach looks like a parchment on which nothing has been written.

It is in Part Three that one begins to wonder how far Mr. Aiken dissociates himself from his hero's point of view. When Andy says that "even when one is absolutely broken . . . one still has to dramatise one's self," are we being furnished with proof that he is incapable of the higher degrees of feeling? And are we, at the close, intended to believe in Andy's cure as a result of his one night's "analysis"—that he *has* lost himself in order to create himself—or are we witnesses to an illusion? "Is it enough," Andy asks Bill, "to have seen the real?" According to *Hyperion* and Freud it is. But there are no signs of Andy learning to see "the real"; his outlook remains exclusively subjective. Mr. Aiken probably designed these doubts in accordance with the analogy between Andy's mental illness and Hamlet's; but they somewhat impair the value of the book by shaking our confidence in *his* objectivity.

Miss Delafield has always delighted in character and situations arising therefrom, and she has at times delighted us—when she has been most serious. But for some years now she has pandered more and more to the ignoble desires which exist in all of us: to feel superior about the follies and vices of others, and to gloat over our own humour and powers of observation, by recognising how true that is! In *Gay Life* only Dennis, who has much in common with Mr. Aiken's Andy, is worthy of her skill. Unlike Andy's, Dennis's cleverness and culture are sham, but his tormenting self-consciousness is real, and made painfully convincing. This is the brilliant portrait of a slightly pathetic worm. But the other visitors at the Riviera Hotel are like caricatures in *Punch* or a revue sketch: they drink, whore, run up debts they can only pay by conniving for cash down at their spouses' infidelity. Such do exist; but unless thrown into perspective and given solidity by the novelist's art and understanding they are intolerably dull. Here, the perspective is not provided by the "good" Mary Morgan because, with her frigid husband and "adorable" children, she is sentimentally treated; and instead of the comprehension which would have made vice and folly interesting Miss Delafield employs querulous brightness. It is sad that the authoress of *Consequences* has come to this.

Mr. McFee, known as a creditable disciple of Conrad's, here provides a lighter, thinner texture than of yore. His story moves slowly not because he evokes a fateful atmosphere but because he pads agreeably. The narrator is a middle-aged man, twice married, twice divorced, who is attracted by a New York girl whom he suspects (quite without foundation as far as is shown) of brains. She marries an Anglo-Spanish landowner in South America, is unhappy, and has to be rescued by the narrator. The leisurely, cynical tone of *No Castle in Spain* makes it suitable for the spare-room shelf.

E. B. C. JONES

ULTIMATE VALUES

God and the Astronomers. By W. R. INGE. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are broadly three views which may be held with regard to the character and origin of the universe. You may hold, first, that the universe is all that there is; that it consists exclusively of matter extended in space (matter being defined according to the most fashionable formula current in physics at the moment), and that material particles arranged in different ways account for, in fact *are*, beauty, goodness, music, mathematics, and our sense and knowledge of these things. You may hold, secondly, that the universe is all that there is, but that it contains or expresses an evolving spirit which at some infinitely remote point in the time series will, in the process of its own evolution, achieve perfection. Spirit, in fact, is immanent in things; God changes and evolves with the universe, and deity is a quality which in its completeness has yet to be achieved. Or you may hold, thirdly, that the universe is not all that there is, but that there exists besides a deity, perfect, permanent, changeless and therefore outside time, who created it as an expression of his will and in fulfilment of his purpose. It is the third view, the philosophy of what he calls "the Great Tradition" that Dean Inge is concerned to maintain. The real world is, he holds, "a kingdom of values"; it consists of "objective 'forms' which in the mind of God are the perfect counterpart of his own thought." This real world, like Plato's, is outside time, and does not, therefore, form part of the evolutionary process. It is, however, the object of the spirit's contemplation now—"the ultimate and eternal Values, which it has been agreed to classify as Goodness, . . . Truth and Beauty, are *given* to us as much as the facts of what we call existence"—and with it the spirit in its ultimate development will be merged and unified. There is, therefore, an aspect of our being in virtue of which we have kinship with reality; this aspect may be developed by training and discipline, so that the kinship may grow into a communion, fleeting and intermittent, with reality itself. This communion is the ultimate explanation of mystical experience.

Now Dean Inge holds that the view of the Platonist, or rather of the Christian Platonist, receives countenance from certain developments of modern science. This countenance is afforded by the process of eliminating rival views. In the light of modern physics "all the religions and philosophies which depend on any other view of the destiny of the cosmos are becoming untenable." What Dean Inge has in mind are the physical implications of the second law of thermo-dynamics, and his book is a sustained criticism in the light of this law of the immanentist theory of the universe which "attempts to erect progress in time into a cosmic principle." Theories of "organic evolution may," he points out, "give us very inspiriting prospects for a long period, but not for eternity," since "the doom of our present world order is fixed, for a very distant date."

It is, indeed, an odd fact upon which Dean Inge lays stress that the period of cosmic optimism should have come just when it did. It was not merely that the nineteenth century believed in an irreducible law of progress for life as a whole and for human life in particular, but the early twentieth century went farther and reaped a crop of philosophies which identified God with this progress. Bergson, Alexander, and the Neo-Idealists, Croce and Gentile, all represent God as realising himself in the historical process of man's development. God, in fact, on this view is nothing more or less than the vital principle of an eternally progressing universe, who first, as Dean Inge acidly remarks, "attained self-consciousness about the time of the Napoleonic War." And all the time that the philosophers were confidently announcing the fact of man's ultimate perfectibility in identity with a perfectly evolved deity at some point infinitely remote in the time process, the second law of thermo-dynamics had apparently established the fact that the whole time-space universe was doomed to stagnation if not to destruction. If we accept this law two results follow. First, a God who is integral to the cosmic process in time is entangled in its fate and will share its doom. Secondly, a God to whom the world is as necessary as he is to it is inevitably lessened by the destruction of his necessary complement. In either event he ceases to be the God of religion; we cannot worship a "God under sentence of death."

Assuming that we take modern science seriously, Dean Inge can see no escape from this conclusion. Nor is he impressed by the attempts of writers such as Jeans and Eddington to derive a reinforcement for the traditional religious view from the alleged

FIRE!

The most foolish form of gambling is to save a little and risk losing a lot . . . . . .

Yet that is the sort of gamble engaged in by a person who neglects to insure fully his property against Fire and other risks. He keeps a pound or so in his pocket (or more likely spends it on something else) and then one day may find himself faced with the loss of hundreds of pounds—which might have been restored to him by the insurance company.

A

PRUDENTIAL

"Hearth & Home"

POLICY

can secure its holder against loss from all manner of disasters.

Obtain full particulars from the Company's local representative or fill in and forward this coupon.

To

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C. 1.

I am interested in your "HEARTH and HOME" Policy, and shall be glad to have full particulars.

NAME (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) .....

ADDRESS .....

N.S. 28-10-33. 316

mentalist implications of physics. He is, indeed, severely critical of these attempts.

Whether one agrees with Dean Inge or not, one cannot withhold one's admiration from the alertness of a mind, the vitality of a faith, which is prepared for a fearless acceptance of all that science may have to offer. The Churches, one would have supposed, would have regarded it as a professional duty to keep in touch with the development of science—if only because of the terrific shocks which scientific discovery has administered in the past to the faith of their flock. It would, one would have thought, have been regarded as a matter of simple prudence to keep a weather eye open for the enemy's latest move. The Churches on the whole have not taken this view. Hiding their heads ostrich-like in the sands of traditional dogma, they have trusted to science to pass them by. To this indifference such leading churchmen as Bishop Barnes and Dean Inge are notable exceptions. Sensitive to every change and stir of modern thought, they have not only succeeded in keeping their faith intact, but in so spiritualising and refining it, purging it of the dross of dogma and crude superstition, that they have rendered it practically immune from scientific attack. Nor do they stop there. In the present book we may witness the bracing spectacle of a leader of the Church disclaiming the support of writers such as Jeans and Eddington, and casting aside the weak props to faith which they have sought to erect on the basis of modern physics, while he affirms that the central principles of traditional Christianity owe no debt to modern science, and can owe none. Dean Inge's position is, in fact, that of the Psalmist. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment . . . but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail." This, at least, is an honest position, and an intelligible one. Nor do I think that it is exposed to the almost insuperable logical and epistemological difficulties by which the evolutionary religion so popular to-day is beset.

C. E. M. JOAD

FANCY AND IMAGINATION

Love Provoked. By RHYS DAVIES. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
Dunky Fitlow. By A. E. COPPARD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Love Provoked, by Rhys Davies, is a volume of short stories. The themes are sometimes sordid and grim; an old religious maniac murders his young wife's lover in a coal mine, and insists on showing her the mangled remains. Sometimes sordid and pathetic, the painted middle-aged lady in the night train is unable to face the daylight the following morning. Or it may be whimsical, with a hint of tragic symbolism, as in the story of the spinster who fell in love with a polar bear at a fair, or of the temperamental lady who provoked the swans into tearing her to pieces under the alders. Then there is a deformed boy who strangles a harlot, and a policewoman who develops a passion for another harlot. Eleven stories altogether; but in every case it is the picturesque aspect of the affair on which the author focuses. The policewoman may boil eggs and make cups of tea; the unfaithful miner's wife may hunt through the men's underclothes to see if any buttons are missing; but however humdrum it purports to be the thing remains picturesque, firmly, come egg, come button.

One feels that the people in these stories are not individuals with personalities peculiar to themselves, but embodiments of such abstract conceptions as lust, middle-age, vitality, pathos, and so on. Picturesque phrases occur in every story, but they seem somehow to get between the reader and the subject, and—perhaps because of the broadness of their significance—they decorate the stories, but fail to pin down the meaning. And then the feeling of solidity begins to leave us. The polar bear with which the eccentric spinster falls in love is visualised by her as roaming his native wilds, "like vehement sunlight over the hills." The deformed youth Arfon, after he has strangled his sweetheart with the new fur he has bought her, goes to sit in a graveyard in the darkness, and "a silence rose out of the earth and laid upon him its pure cold hands of peace."

There is something of a shrubbery lit by fairy lights about this volume. These descriptive phrases—like the lanterns—decorate, but do not much illuminate, the garden. Black shadows and their converse nimbus of gold flicker over the face of the dusty bushes, and the reader begins to feel in a dream. Many people would enjoy this book.

With what a feeling of exhilaration and release does Mr. A. E. Coppard, in his latest volume of stories, *Dunky Fitlow*, take us bounding away across country with him, away from the stilted, the laboured, and the "literary"—in the uncomplimentary sense of the word. In these stories there is an original mixture of inconsequence, bravura, parody, realism (in the best sense of the word) and poetry. Like a skilful chef making that difficult dish, a pancake, the author seems to fling the story up into the air, sky high: we gasp, we look doubtful; then flump, down it comes into the pan, and behold an expert's pancake, light, crisp, and made with real fresh eggs into the bargain—which is unusual in these days of egg powder and other shop imitations. Or in other words, the interest of these tales derives from life, and not from other stories. Even when islands turn upside down, and ghosts get off with sailors on the promenade, the thing remains perfectly real and vivid.

The stories may lie sprinkled over with colloquialisms and little fireworks (the author seems to be up to all sorts of games), but there is as well the vivid exactness in the writing and the personal vision and poetry that betrays an artist.

Sometimes, at the beginning of "Crotty Shinkwin," for example, the author's virtuosity makes us a little dizzy. It would be interesting one time to see Mr. Coppard juggling about less with his pancakes. When he is most direct he seems to us most arresting and significant.

TWO PALGRAVIAN ANTHOLOGIES

The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems. Chosen and edited by GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
The Albatross Book of Living Verse. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Collins.* 5s.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's anthology is a new-born brother to *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*—to mention only two from half a dozen wide-ranging collections of poetry. Like all good anthologies embracing the centuries it seems to prove conclusively that there is no such thing as New Poetry, and never has been. Right Wing, Left Wing and Centre—they all belong to the same parliament. The best poetry is formal and emotional, most of the themes of it recurring through all the ages. Disciplined spontaneity and a music which can be voiced and heard characterise its perfections. The poet's own individual voice gives to poetry its sound of newness, while his vision and the genuineness of his thought and feeling promote its birth. So he gets nowhere by being wilfully eccentric, and provides only barren entertainment by making forced comparisons and associations. The screechings of machines are not as soothing as the songs of nightingales, and a carrot is in no way remindful of your grandmother's lost youth. Such anthologies as Mr. Bullett's ought to be widely distributed if it is only to prove that certain post-war poets (and even earlier) are no more than melancholy humorists—to say nothing of the ecstatic vultures which flap round the spraying fountains of their jests. But even they cannot sing like this:

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe
And sing hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

If it is one of the most doubtful pieces in Mr. Bullett's collection, it is also one of the most delightful—though by no means the least familiar.

The English Galaxy contains scores of poems that have never before been anthologised. Many popular favourites, of course, are here to light up the pathway with their ancient rays; but scores of them are so little known that they masquerade almost as new planets. Yet Mr. Bullett tells us that he has not depended *wholly* on his personal taste; but he is so true a poet and critic himself that it seems almost a pity he has not done so. If he had depended wholly on his personal taste he might have given us a better lyric of Edgar Poe's than his hackneyed "Helen, thy beauty is to me," and might also have included something by Clarence Mangan (who, I believe, influenced Poe; though they both died in the same year). And previous to Poe and Mangan, personal

The Works of
JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

The Economic Consequences of the Peace
Eight Shillings and Sixpence

A Revision of the Treaty
A sequel to 'The Economic Consequences of the Peace'
Seven Shillings and Sixpence

A Treatise on Money
Two volumes Fifteen Shillings each

Essays in Biography
Seven Shillings and Sixpence

Essays in Persuasion
Five Shillings

The Means to Prosperity
One Shilling

A Tract on Monetary Reform
Seven Shillings and Sixpence

A Treatise on Probability
Eighteen Shillings

Indian Currency and Finance
Seven Shillings and Sixpence

All prices net

Detailed Prospectuses on application to the Publishers

MACMILLAN
London, W.C.2

taste or not, the two pages taken up by Rochester (whose few really good lyrics surely do not deserve a place in any first-grade anthology) might well have been filled by somebody else. Another exceptional inclusion is the famous angler, Charles Cotton, whose rather too sexual lyrics on country-women throw a startling light on what some anglers think about when they go fishing.

The anthology ends with the nineteenth century, and the chief adverse criticism to make against it is that there is in it too little of the nineteenth century in comparison with two other centuries. The last poets of the volume are Yeats and A. E. Housman, whom Mr. Bullett thinks near enough to the last century to belong to it. But for the same reason he ought also to have included Sir Henry Newbolt and Sir William Watson. But graceless carping! For how finely good is the collection really! How good to find in it so much of Beddoes, and how amusing to alight on Bridges cheek by jowl with Gerard Manley Hopkins—who, after all, is perhaps not a better poet than Bridges.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer's anthology, *The Albatross Book of Living Verse*, also makes Palgravian claims on the attention, including, as it does, selections from Chaucer onwards. But unlike Mr. Bullett's book it strongly stresses this century. It is a very interesting anthology of English and American verse, but open to severe criticism, because of its claim to contain "in spite of changing times and shifting tastes the quality which implies permanence," when the modern section is so haphazard, and some of its livingness so formless and odd. T. S. Eliot's "Sweeny Among the Nightingales" has always sounded rather like a parody of Lewis Carroll, and though it is a gigantic feat to out-carol Carroll (who, strange to say, is included) it is unlikely that poetry enthusiasts of 2033 will read such bewildering verses with approval.

Among the English and Irish alive contemporary poets who wallow in the stomach of *The Albatross* are Robert Graves, Richard Aldington, Richard Hughes, Anna Wickham, Sacheverell Sitwell, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Padraic Colum, Martin Armstrong, Humbert Wolfe, Siegfried Sassoon. And among the English and Irish dead contemporary poets whose putrescent touch has been kept away from it are practically all the "Georgians" as well as some who have quarrelled with them, namely J. C. Squire, Osbert Sitwell, Edward Shanks, Edward Davison, John Drinkwater, Thomas Moult, Wilfrid Gibson, W. J. Turner, Frank Kendon, Robert Nichols, Edmund Blunden, Miss Sackville West, Lascelles Abercrombie, R. C. Trevelyan, L. A. G. Strong, Austin Clarke, F. R. Higgins, Redwood Anderson, Edith Sitwell, Roy Campbell, Richard Church, Ernest Rhys, Æ, Henry Newbolt, Hilaire Belloc, Lord Alfred Douglas, F. L. Lucas, Gordon Bottomley, Laurence Binyon, Edward Thompson. Whatever may be said for the exclusion of most of these there is no excuse for the exclusion of either Miss Sackville West or Æ. Good women poets have always been rare, good pastoral poets nearly as rare, and true mystical poets rarer still. Nor is any fair proportion of judgment shown in allotting four lyrics to Anna Wickham, and only one to such a definite poet as Elroy Flecker, even though he is no longer walking the earth.

HERBERT PALMER

SLUMS AND CHEAP HOUSES

The Anti-Slum Campaign. By SIR ERNEST SIMON. *Longmans*. 2s. 6d.

If there had been a plebiscite in this country on the question "Do you want to abolish slums?" and if the result had been a thousand "yeses" to one "no," the wish of the people would not have been more clearly expressed than it has been in the past months. There is genuine enthusiasm and concern, and there is corresponding need for precise information and for clear and constructive thinking. Sir Ernest Simon's book supplies these needs. In his own words, "The object of this book is not to spend time on emphasising the emotional appeal; rather deliberately to resist the temptation to quote horrors about slums. I propose to assume that the job has got to be done, and to proceed to consider on the basis of cold facts and figures how best the task of rehousing the slum dwellers in healthy homes can be accomplished."

Not that Sir Ernest Simon has produced a blue book. He passionately desires to move children out of the slums, and his energy vitalises every page he has written. He wants to see enough houses built to enable every family to have a separate home, and this without lowering our standards of planning accommodation and building. To pull down houses before there is a sufficient supply of new ones is useless and cruel. Slum conditions are due as much to overcrowding as to the existence of insanitary dwellings, and once overcrowding is relieved many houses can be made habitable for a few years while new building is in progress. The present Slum Clearance Campaign is mere childish impatience: after ten years' constructive effort we might enjoy the thrills of destruction and the greater exhilaration of replanning built-up areas. It will take at least ten years to prepare ourselves for this magnificent opportunity. This is Sir Ernest Simon's thesis. He supports it by full calculations as to the number of houses required, and points out the mistakes in previous calculations which failed to take into account the great increase in the number of families revealed by the last census. His numerical estimates are valuable, but his financial estimates are even more useful. He has an admirable chapter on subsidies, which should be read in conjunction with Mr. J. Inman's article on the effect of subsidies on building prices (the only comprehensive research on this subject so far undertaken), and Mrs. Eva Hubback's excellent paper on Differential Renting, both of which are printed as appendices.

In Part I Sir Ernest gives an excellent critical account of the post-war housing effort in this country. Beginning with the statement that we have built 2,000,000 houses, many of them for the working class, and that in spite of this achievement we have dismally failed to move our children out of the slums, he summarises the work of successive Governments, explaining the intentions of each minister, the various methods adopted by Dr. Addison, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Greenwood, and the reasons for the partial success and failure of each policy. Finally, Sir Ernest attacks the Hilton Young Act and the policy of the present Government in abolishing the Wheatley subsidy and concentrating on Slum Clearance. In one of the best chapters in the book he analyses and sums up with the closest logic each of the more important speeches and decisions of the present Minister of Health. He exposes the folly of abandoning the work of building cheap houses to let just when the fall in interest rates at last made it possible for local authorities to supply cottages and flats at rents within the means of those who most need them, and he finally disposes of the myth that Slum Clearance can be accomplished without this supply.

The value of the historical chapters is greatly increased by the inclusion of a full summary of the work of the special Committee appointed by the National Housing and Town Planning Council in 1928 "to investigate and report upon the slum problem in all its phases with special reference to the housing of the lowest-paid workers," and of the work of the 1931 Committee on Rent Restriction.

In Part II the author examines the present-day problem. Sir Ernest gives a humorous and penetrating account of the failure to direct a national housing campaign by the present administrative machinery of the Ministry of Health. He discusses the appointment of a standing Advisory Committee of the "best housing directors, architects, town-planners, and perhaps one or two councillors and M.P.s . . . to give the Ministry really valuable advice and help," and the alternative of a National Housing Board responsible to a Government department, but having wide powers in the control and direction of national housing. It is not suggested that such a body should in any way supersede the municipalities in building. Sir Ernest points out the political dangers of municipal ownership without comment, and rightly insists that subsidised building must be in the hands of local authorities (or public utility societies) rather than private enterprise. He urges the necessity for good property management, preferably on Octavia Hill lines.

The succeeding chapters are largely given up to estimates of future needs, very carefully worked out. The various problems are clearly illustrated with reference to the example of Manchester; the difficulty of defining slums, the place of reconditioning, the future of Improvement Areas, the possibilities of town-planning, and the extent of future building.

Sir Ernest's main case seems to me unanswerable. The only weak point in his argument is his pessimism on the subject of London. He makes no concrete proposals with regard to satellite towns, and seems to consider rebuilding in inner London as wrong and impossible as it is in other towns. This, I think, explains the violence of his attack on the Greenwood Act. In London new building and slum clearance must proceed together. The policy of extending cottage estates round the fringe of the metropolis is mistaken from the town-planning point of view and can never supply the need of the majority of workers who must

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

IN 45 WEEKLY PARTS

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE FAMOUS SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY NOW APPEARS IN PART FORM. HITHERTO PUBLISHED IN TWO EXPENSIVE VOLUMES, THIS GREAT WORK IS NOW BROUGHT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. NEVER BEFORE HAS A BOOK OF GREATER WORTH BEEN MADE AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL READER IN A FORM SO READILY ACCESSIBLE.

The SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is adapted from the famous parent Dictionary, *The Oxford English Dictionary*—the greatest completed Dictionary in any language—representing over fifty years' work of a chosen staff of Editors, first among them the late Sir James Murray—compiled and edited from materials amounting to over five million quotations derived from English Works of literature and records of all kinds. The abridged SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY presents therefore, a quintessence of those vast materials.

● ● ●

This is an opportunity not to be missed. The scope of the SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY goes beyond all other dictionaries. It gives the *history* as well as the meaning of words; it illustrates *by quotations* the actual usage of words in their proper sense. It explains common idiomatic phrases, proverbial sayings, etc. It furnishes guidance to the correct spelling of such words as are often spelt in more than one way; so also it indicates correct pronunciation.

● ● ●

If you have a dictionary you will want this one to supplement it. It is so much more comprehensive than other dictionaries and is so up-to-date. The Oxford Press will shortly publish a large supplementary volume to *The Oxford English Dictionary*, made up entirely of the many new words and phrases of the present century. The matter in this new volume has been used in the preparation of the SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, so that it is without question thoroughly up-to-date.

● ● ●

The *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* is a priceless possession now put within the reach of the man of moderate means. It ranks as a standard work for office, home and library.

PART I ON SALE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27th 1/-

GEORGE NEWNES LIMITED

Obtainable at all Newsagents, Bookstalls and Bookshops, or post free 1/2 each part from George Newnes, Ltd., 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

have central accommodation. Rehousing on the site in five-storey blocks has proved possible; the main difficulty is one of cost. Since it is unlikely that site values near the centre of London will ever fall as Sir Ernest thinks they may do in other large towns, the cost has to be faced, and the work of rebuilding should not be delayed. I am sorry that Sir Ernest Simon almost gives up London (for this generation at least); I have hopes for London as he has for Manchester!

IRENE T. BARCLAY

CERBERUS IS SATISFIED

Night in Glengyle. By JOHN FERGUSON. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Week-End Murder. By NICHOLAS BRADY. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes. By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

The Broken Vase Mystery. By MARY PLUM. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Portrait of a Murderer. By ANNE MEREDITH. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Some day, perhaps, the demand for detective stories will wane and a more obviously violent world will seek refuge in Jane Austen or in films showing the golden age when the little clerk with his umbrella trotted safely from his suburb to the City and back again. In 1933 the public maw still gapes for exciting crime stories, and the pleasant office of introducing the dinner falls to people like us. To begin with, John Ferguson's *Night in Glengyle* is an amusing thriller with a John Buchan setting and plenty of obstacle-racing. Documents of high political importance have to be stolen but there is not a jot of patriotic blah; on the contrary, our hero is arrested and only just let into the secret at the end—you can see his eyes getting bigger and bigger as the truth dawns.

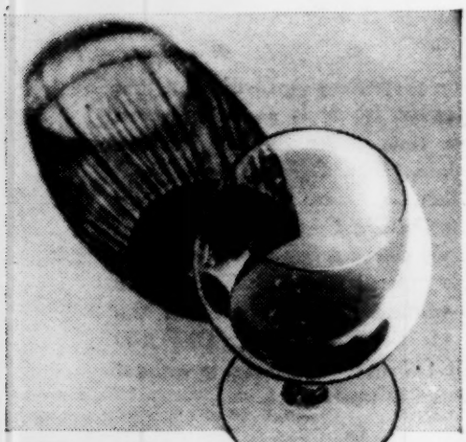
Week-End Murder misses its mark by over-statement like any schoolboy satire, but it is quite good value for a train-journey, providing ghoulish satisfactions and nicely engineered surprises. The obvious murderee, a wicked financier who founded a bungalow village on a quiet piece of coast, later to be used for dope-smuggling, walks on the stage and off again, and is thrown in as a mere extra corpse at the end; while the identity of the Principal Corpse is a matter for awe and rejoicing in low places. Spot the murderer who can.

Having consumed the entrée and the game soup from Glengyle (fish was lacking), Cerberus comes to the joint. Here complete satisfaction is guaranteed. Dr. Thorndyke intervenes in a wonderful tangle of bodiless heads, substituted coffins, a peerage claim resting upon quaint tradition, and a platinum robbery, linking up these heterogeneous elements by masterly analyses and providing each with a sufficiently credible setting. His methods engender in the reader a lust for examining the entrails of ships and the dust of ancient graveyards. It should be said in our defence, as we hobble incompetently in his wake, that Dr. Thorndyke had the police in his pocket. There is no end to the questions one would like to ask this eminent expert; the most pertinent would give the show away, but these are fair ones: how did X decoy Y to the fatal dene-hole? Might not Y's head have been removed in the wrong manner? And what happened to poor Buffham? It does seem a pity to drop a hopeful crook like this clean out of the story.

But we must sample the sweet and the cheese. NEW STATESMAN readers, tiring easily of wicked Bolshies, exiled hero-criminals and perfectly lovely girls, may underrate Miss Mary Plum; but does it matter what the labels are, when the plot is well constructed, with a liberal sprinkling of suspicious characters and piquant situations?

Portrait of a Murderer is, like *An Oxford Tragedy*, a masterpiece in the genre of psychological detective fiction. The murderer is revealed at the beginning (admirers of *Malice Aforethought* please note), and he profits spiritually from the experience; murder, in fact, makes a man of him. Let us hope that Cerberus, poor beast, can sleep after all this.

O. M.



Reflecting Age and Quality

This is an untouched photograph of a glass containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how it reflects the shadow of the cask in which it lay . . . recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in cask for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

An illustrated booklet, "The Art of Drinking" dealing with the history, distillation and uses of Cognac Brandy, will be sent free on application to Messrs. Matthew Clark & Sons, Ltd., 14 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

EUGENICS AND THE POOR

Heredity and the Social Problem Group. By E. J. LIDBETTER. Vol. I. *Arnold.* 21s.

Mental Defect. By LIONEL S. PENROSE. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 8s. 6d.

Major Leonard Darwin, the President of the Eugenics Society, who introduces Mr. Lidbetter's volume, himself wrote a book a few years ago. In that book, *The Need for Eugenic Reform*, he pointed out that "the number of those whose absence from our ranks would be beneficial to the remainder is enormous. . . . The number of those who could be eliminated with advantage is, in fact, so large that it affords no basis on which any practical scheme could be built. . . . It would probably be best, therefore, to make a beginning by considering only those who have been in receipt of an exceptional amount of public assistance . . . whether given in the form of in- or out-door poor relief, free feeding at schools, unemployment doles, or insurance payments on account of ill-health." And to this list of undesirables he added those who fail to provide themselves with suitable houses. "It will be urged, no doubt, that it is the impossibility of obtaining houses which is now the main cause of overcrowding. But does not the housing difficulty in most cases merely indicate the impossibility of an economic rent being paid, an impossibility often due to an actual incapacity on the part of a tenant to do work equivalent in value to what is needed to supply a decent dwelling?" It would not, of course, be fair to attribute to Mr. Lidbetter views identical with those of his sponsor; though, from his own comments, one cannot help suspecting that in collecting the elaborate statistics embodied in his book he has, however unconsciously, continuously had, at the back of his mind, a conviction that his figures would inevitably demonstrate the inherent inferiority of the poor.

The family histories that take up the greater part of the volume represent much care and labour. The investigations on which they are based were carried on in a particular area in the East End of London, where Mr. Lidbetter was, from 1898 to 1930, engaged in the organisation and administration of relief services. Further volumes are promised, and Mr. Lidbetter reserves his final summing-up and conclusions until the end of the work. Those who are interested in the relation of poverty to biological inheritance should study these facts and figures; but they should study them critically and impartially.

METHUEN

(Chairman: E. V. LUCAS)

H. V. MORTON

IN SCOTLAND AGAIN

Illustrated 7s. 6d. net

(Second large edition printing).

Mr. Morton's eagerly awaited companion volume to *In Search of Scotland*.

CHARLES TURLEY

NANSEN OF NORWAY

Illustrated 5s. net

A vivid biography of the famous Arctic explorer, scientist, statesman, author and humanitarian.

DR. ROBERT SAUDEK

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

A Study in Crime and Handwriting

Illustrated 5s. net

Some of the thrilling experiences which this well-known expert has had with anonymous letters, forgeries and other criminal documents, when giving evidence in law cases in many countries, including the famous Dreyfus trial.

Peace or War?

THE SCIENCE OF PEACE
By LORD RAGLAN **3s. 6d. net**

THE BULWARKS OF PEACE
and International Justice.
By HEBER L. HART, K.C., LL.D.
7s. 6d. net

THE PURSUIT OF PEACE
Nine Addresses delivered at Oxford, July, 1933.
Edited by G. P. GOOCH, M.A., D.Litt.
3s. 6d. net

A. C. WARD

WHAT IS THIS LIFE?

The Reflections of a Reluctant Heretic

5s. net

A popular writer's vigorous meditations on the common affairs of life.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

MIXED PASTURE

Twelve Essays and Addresses

5s. net

A collection of essays, by the author of *Mysticism* etc., dealing with various and even contrasting aspects of Christian Spirituality.

METHUEN & CO., LTD.,
36 Essex Street, London, W.C.2

"Crown Constables"

Mr. J. G. WILSON

of J. & E. Bumpus, the well-known booksellers, writes:

"I congratulate you on the very handsome appearance of the 'Crown Constables.' You have managed to do something quite different from any other series. It appeals to me very much indeed. I particularly like the spine-design and the feel of the boards. These are gentle to the hand, but suggest really good material."

All Trivia

by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Desmond MacCarthy (*Sunday Times*): "I agree with those reviewers of *All Trivia* who have predicted for it a life beyond the grave of contemporary reputation."

A True Story

by STEPHEN HUDSON

Daily Telegraph: "A really remarkable piece of work. One cannot for the moment recall a modern author who has put one on terms of understanding with the clash between the old and the young so touchingly and subtly."

Trollope: a Commentary

by MICHAEL SADLEIR

J. L. Garvin (*Observer*): "The first adequate study of Anthony Trollope commands attention by its rare qualities of human portraiture and literary analysis. But not only is it the final book on its own robust subject; you cannot read it without happy memories of the Victorian novel as a whole."

The Tale of the Two Lovers

By PICCOLOMINI (*later Pope Pius II*)

Times Literary Supplement: "This classic of the Italian Renaissance is a charming book. Those investigators of the forerunners of the modern novel whose Latin is a little rusty will owe her a permanent debt of gratitude."

The Stricken Deer

or the Life of Cowper

by LORD DAVID CECIL

Observer: "A fine work, finely written and noble in temper."
Desmond MacCarthy (*Sunday Times*): "Sympathetic and vivid . . . subtle with a kind of gentle acuteness."

Flamenca

from the Provencal of Bernardet the Troubadour

Manchester Guardian: "It is excellent; indeed, one asks if it may not perhaps surpass the original, so fresh and gay does it read, as if the words had just come out of a living, laughing mouth."

5s. NET PER VOLUME

Write for illustrated prospectus

Constable
10 Orange St.
London W.C.2

Dr. Penrose's *Mental Defect* is a work of a very different order. The author, who is the Research Medical Officer of the Royal Eastern Counties Institution, has given us the best arranged and most truly scientific book on the biological and sociological aspects of mental sub-normality that has yet been published. Any educated layman can read it and follow its reasoning and explanations with ease; for Dr. Penrose writes simply, straightforwardly, and with the minimum use of technical terms. Both physiological and psychological factors are clearly discussed, and the various types of mental defectives and social sub-normals are defined and described. The problems of causation are considered without bias and without any trace of the unjustified dogmatism which characterises so many works on this subject. Although sentiment is at no point allowed to modify the author's sternly scientific approach, a sane humanism pervades his suggestions for individual and collective treatment. He points out that a striking feature of lower-grade defectives is "their apparent incapacity for being bored with an occupation." "This fact makes possible methods of dealing with patients who would otherwise be difficult to occupy. In a regular, even if very monotonous, employment, they learn to be useful and worthy people." High-grade defectives call for other solutions; but Dr. Penrose thinks that we absurdly exaggerate the difficulties of the whole situation. He considers that a trifling reduction in our present annual expenditure on the fighting services would provide more than adequate funds for the effective and humane solving of the problem of mental defectiveness in this country. He does not bar out any of the proposed remedies as inapplicable to appropriate cases. That mental defectives make undesirable parents even for mentally normal children is obvious; and if, by the teaching of contraceptive technique, or even by sterilisation, their parenthood may be prevented, so much the better. But he exposes for the rubbish it is the notion that by sterilising—especially by "voluntary" sterilising, which is the only practical proposal now before the public—certifiable defectives, mental deficiency could within measurable time be stamped out. He points out that if all existing mentally defective persons were *compulsorily* sterilised, the next generation of mentally defective children would be reduced at most by some five per cent. He distinguishes clearly between the social problem and the medical or biological problem; and reminds us that there will always be, in any human society, brilliant people and simpletons. What to do with the simpletons is a matter of expediency, in the light of the culture of the period. "A society which is ideally conducted will have to make arrangements so that the simpletons can find a useful purpose in their existence." In his final sentence, Dr. Penrose holds out what one can only suspect to be a sly bribe to the eugenists: "The research worker in this field may well be thankful sometimes that it is customary to preserve these oddities, who are thus available for study and not put by law into a lethal chamber at birth."

HARRY ROBERTS

HOW TO PREVENT WAR

The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War. By LORD CECIL, GILBERT MURRAY, W. ARNOLD FORSTER, C. M. LLOYD, SIR NORMAN ANGELL, H. J. LASKI, C. R. BUXTON. Edited by LEONARD WOOLF. *Gollancz*. 5s.

The supreme, and now the most urgent, political problem of mankind is the prevention of war. For four years we have been obsessed by an economic depression. The distress which that depression has caused is unprecedented in its range and extent. But it is, I believe, literally true that even more important at this moment than the immediate suffering is the effect of the depression in arousing passions and initiating policies which increase the dangers of another world conflict. For intricate as are the problems of economic reform, and many as are the impediments to recovery, we should, I am convinced, succeed in solving the first and achieving the second were it not for the imminent menace of war, with the burden of armaments and the destruction of confidence which attend it; nor can any recovery, if momentarily attained, be anything but precarious while that menace remains.

Current publications reflect a shifting of the centre of public interest which corresponds with this fact. A year ago, among contributions to practical policy, books on the depression occupied the first place; they are now yielding that place to books concerned with war and peace. Within recent months we have had a prophetic vision of war and chaos from Mr. H. G. Wells; a masterly analysis of the policies and diplomacy which preceded the last war from Mr. J. A. Spender; the disillusioning historical reflections and recollections of Mr. Harold Nicolson; the emotional protest of Mr. Beverley Nichols. We now have, in *The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War*, the light of reason, directed neither to the distant past nor the remote future, but to the immediate issues of policy of our time.

The eight collaborators in this work and the enterprise of they publisher have in my view rendered a service of the utmost value. With some individual differences in outlook and emphasis their combine in preaching the only creed by which this generation can find salvation. Mr. Wells's world state, forcibly imposed after intervening disaster, may be the ultimate shape of world society, but it will save neither those now living nor the civilisation we now enjoy. The particular kind of hatred of war which is characteristic of the younger generation, and is expressed by Mr. Beverley Nichols, is a force to be utilised, but it will be impotent and ineffective unless it is yoked to such a constructive policy as is here expounded.

The theme of the book is clear, comprehensive and convincing. War springs from the "international anarchy." Since man's life and essential activities have extended beyond the range of national frontiers, there must be (as a supplement to national governments) a world framework of government and control; and this government must be rooted in a new public psychology, as national government is rooted in the popular sentiments of to-day (Sir Norman Angell). This government must be built up through the "collective system," of League of Nations and Kellogg Pact, based upon agreement between national sovereignties and delegation of sovereign rights. It must, to use the familiar terms, be a system which includes the "renunciation of war," provides for the "pacific settlement of disputes" and for "peaceful change," gives "security" and permits of "disarmament," and it must be able to rely not only on moral influence but material "sanctions" (Lord Cecil and Mr. Arnold Forster). An association of capitalist countries must be able to work with Communist Russia (Mr. C. M. Lloyd); and incorporate in one working system Europe and other continents, countries in the League and those outside (Mr. C. R. Buxton). Meantime, while the machinery for the arrest of war is thus built up and fortified, it must be relieved of strains too great for it by the revision or better execution of the peace treaties (Professor Gilbert Murray) and by the removal or mitigation of economic causes of war (Professor Laski).

This, in bare outline, is the way of peace described by the authors of this book. And, most assuredly, for this generation *there is no other*. Remoter goals of policy may have possibilities for our descendants, but none for us; mere pacifism will take us as sheep to the slaughter; national security through national armaments, in a world which includes seven great Powers, is an "arithmetical impossibility."

Only the briefest comment is possible on individual contributions. Sir Norman Angell in effect summarises and restates the theme of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's classic work (*The International Anarchy*). It is powerful and convincing, though I think that in tracing the development of the principle of the Balance of Power he would have done well to emphasise the vital difference between the period before and after 1904, when the shifting balance was replaced by alliance or entente, and to have omitted arguments based on negotiations while the war was actually in progress. Professor Gilbert Murray contributes an admirably balanced study of the question of Peace Treaty revision. It is a most needed corrective to current exaggerations. It is the more impressive because his attitude to the Treaties has been consistent throughout. When their evils were greatest and there were few to attack, he criticised them severely. Now that most of their worst evils have already been "revised away," and there are few to say a word for Versailles, exactly the same attitude proves one of defence, at least against the excessive and misinformed abuse which is now prevalent. I know of no other statement on this acute controversy that is so just and objective. Mr. C. M. Lloyd has no difficulty in showing that whatever may be the position in future years, Soviet Russia now needs peace and desires peace. The two complementary chapters by Lord Cecil and Mr. Arnold Forster contain the best condensed and compendious statement available of the actual mechanism of the collective system, of its merits and weaknesses. Professor Laski contributes a vivid and justified indictment of the menaces to peace that have atttended capitalism in what he calls its second phase of economic imperialism; and he gives reasons for thinking that these evils are ineradicable from a system which comprises capitalism, individual profits, competition and foreign investment. I agree with most of the first part of his theme; I hope he is mistaken as to the second. In any case, his is an able statement of a tenable position, which

The true story of a "Rebellion"

THE MYTH OF GOVERNOR EYRE

Lord Olivier

15s.

"There can hardly exist in all literature a more scathing or a more damning indictment of a public servant than this book by Lord Olivier about the notorious Governor of Jamaica, Edward John Eyre . . . This final clearing up of the case exposes what is probably the most hideous page in the whole of our Colonial history." *Sunday Times*

"Of interest to all shareholders"

FINANCIAL DEMOCRACY

Margaret Miller & Douglas Campbell

4s. 6d.

"The authors address themselves to the intelligent layman 'to whom a company balance-sheet is probably an unsolvable mystery,' and they aim at 'revealing the outline of facts' behind his often baffled questions on the subject of joint-stock company finance." *Liverpool Post*

"An entirely new light on working conditions in this country"

THE WORKER'S POINT OF VIEW

A Symposium

4s. 6d.

"The lesson of this little book is most certainly that no measures of reform—Socialisation, Planning or Rationalisation—of industry from without will avail us anything, unless we can both humanise and rationalise it in detail within."
Week-End Review

Fascism, explained by its Founder

THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DOCTRINE OF FASCISM

Benito Mussolini

1s.

"Mussolini has been so much outshone in the arts of terrorism that he has come to be regarded as a comparatively reasonable tyrant who, having sown his wild oats, is now settling down into more constitutional ways. This illusion is disposed of by Mussolini's new encyclical on the Gospel of Fascism." A. G. GARDINER in the *Star*

THE HOGARTH PRESS
52, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

ICARO

By
LAURO DE BOSIS

With a translation into English Prose by RUTH DRAPER
and a Foreword by GILBERT MURRAY
8/6 *net*

". . . What a fine thing it is; fine in its moving sincerity, in the rich, dramatic eloquence of its verse, so surely adapted to audible speech and dramatic action, and fine in its skilful construction and strong sense of the stage. . . ." MARTIN ARMSTRONG in *The Week-End Review*

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE

Selected by
LAURO DE BOSIS 10/6 *net*

". . . This lovely anthology of Italian poetry. . . ." *Listener*

A MUSICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By J. D. M. RORKE
New and Revised Edition 6/- *net*

". . . A wise and understanding book; it says all manner of things about the art that most musicians feel in their bones, but few can put into plain words. . . ." *Musical Times*

WHAT IS THE OXFORD GROUP?

By
THE LAYMAN WITH A NOTEBOOK
Foreword by L. W. GRENSTED 2/6 *net*

An authoritative book on a topical subject

THE NATION AT SCHOOL

By
F. S. MARVIN 5/- *net*

". . . It is doubtful whether he has ever given us anything quite so valuable and so timely as this brilliant little book. . . ." *Times Literary Supplement*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BUTTERWORTH

MODERN WRITERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

Edited by Thomas Moult

JAMES JOYCE
LOUIS GOLDING

The author of "Magnolia Street" summarises clearly and simply the works of the most controversial figure in modern literature. He deals with Joyce's personal history and the development of his genius, and makes it possible for everyone to understand the method of his most original style of writing.

4s. 6d. net

THE LIFE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF DEAN SWIFT
Stephen Gwynn 18s.

JOHN HAMPDEN'S ENGLAND
John Drinkwater 15s.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
Arthur Weigall 18s.

THE ENDLESS JOURNEY
Henry Baerlein 8s. 6d.

Fiction *7s. 6d. net*

THE VILLAGE OF SOULS
PHILIP CHILD

Times Literary Supplement:

"There is not a touch of the amateur, although it appears to be a first novel. It is a story full of warmth, imagination and genuine vitality.

"The freshness and pliability of his mind is something to be grateful for, and the book holds a surprise for even the most sophisticated reader almost in its final paragraph."

THE DEATH OF A WORLD
ROMAIN ROLLAND

This is a complete novel in itself but is also a book in Rolland's great saga *The Soul Enchanted* Primarily it is a study of post-war youth and it has the international appeal of a great artist's work.

THE SEA WITCH
Alexander Laing 8s. 6d.

15 BEDFORD ST. LONDON W.C.2

may be either accepted or rejected without prejudice to the main theme of the book.

Here in the midst of our perplexities is the voice of reason speaking. This is the "intelligent" man's guide. This is both its strength and its only weakness. For the moment at least the world seems deaf to reason. Policy is now largely moulded by emotions, and prejudices, and sentiments; and directed by a new technique of appeals to mass psychology. Among these, temperate argument finds no place, but all who still have an ear for the quiet voice of reason will find in this book, more than any other available, an exact statement of the principal causes which in our own day menace peace and a guide to the prevention of war.

ARTHUR SALTER

SHORTER NOTICE

Ibn Sa'ud. By KENNETH WILLIAMS. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

The reader of biography must be warned that there are few of those intimate and picturesque details, so popular in our time, to be found in this book. It is only by a stretch of the imagination that it could be called a biography at all; rather it is a historical and political summary of the Wahabi movement in Central and Eastern Arabia, with a portrait in the later chapters of *Ibn Sa'ud* as its acknowledged spiritual and temporal controller. Mr. Williams is an enthusiastic admirer of the Wahabi king, and while admittedly the whole of Arabian politics is seen from the Hejd angle, he is not blind to the dangers which threaten Transjordan and Iraq from Ibn Sa'ud's more fanatical tribesmen and their incurable delight in the *Jhazzu*. The author makes it plain that if the strength of the Wahabi intolerance has not diminished since the eighteenth century, their ruler is an enlightened man with the ability and power to control it. The future of Arabia seems brighter than it has been before.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

PROVIDED they do not cut their own throats by splitting up their unfortunately limited potential public, there is everything to be said for the various gramophone societies sponsored by H.M.V. We already have the Hugo Wolf Society, the Beethoven Sonata Society, the Haydn Quartet Society and the Sibelius Society, while there are rumours of a Delius Society. As these records are produced for an already assured public it is perhaps a little superfluous to ring their praises. At the same time I cannot resist drawing attention again to the albums of the Haydn Quartet Society.

The second album (supplied like the first with the most lucid of critical notes by Mr. Cecil Gray) contains Op. 33, No. 6, Op. 54, Nos. 1 and 2, and Op. 74, No. 3. The style of the Pro Arte quartet is ideally suited to these works and the recording is impeccable.

The recording of a Sibelius symphony, with its use of solo basses divisi, low clashing timpani rolls and other unmicrophonic devices, is obviously a far more severe problem and in the first Sibelius album there were several occasions where a knowledge of the score was an essential to the enjoyment of the records. The second album, however, is on a higher level throughout. It consists of two symphonies, the third and the seventh. Although the third was recorded in the same circumstances as the previously issued fifth the general effect is far clearer. The seventh was recorded at an actual performance given by Kussevitsky at the B.B.C. London Music Festival. Inevitably there are a few extraneous noises, but there is no actual sneezing or coughing to interfere with the admirable sonority of these records. No. 3 is not the best of the symphonies but it is an enjoyable and extremely interesting transitional work. The first movement is the last in the series to be clearly analysable according to the principles of sonata form (it is simpler in this respect than the similar movement in No. 2). The second movement foreshadows, and in some way excels, that of No. 5 in the way the seemingly monotonous repetition of a monotonous theme is made to yield an astonishing variety of feeling and colour. It is the finale, though, that is the most interesting to the student of Sibelius' form. Instead of being presented with a *fait accompli* of a theme that is then analysed and developed in fragments, we are presented with several enigmatic fragments that only become a *fait accompli* on the final page. It is a method hinted at in the first movement of No. 2, established in the third movement of No. 4, and developed with amazing power in the one movement No. 7. It is like watching a sculptured head being built up from the armature with little pellets of clay or, to put it more vulgarly, it is like a detective story in which the reader does not know until the final chapter whether the blotting paper or the ash-tray throws more light on the discovery of the corpse in the library. The seventh symphony is one of the most extended examples of continuous thought in the history of music,

LONGMANS

THE
BRITISH ISLES
A GEOGRAPHIC AND ECONOMIC SURVEY

L. DUDLEY STAMP and STANLEY H. BEAVER

With contributions by
SIR JOSIAH STAMP and D. K. SMEE

25/- net

"Probably the most comprehensive survey of our national resources that has ever been made . . . a solid book, with charts, statistics, and a full and useful index. Should be on your reference shelf." —*Everyman.*

"The book is not merely for the student; it is a book for every man who wishes to be well and properly informed on matters which have a far wider bearing and significance than is implied in its title . . . should be on the desk of every investor."—*Investor's Review.*

THE
ANTI-SLUM CAMPAIGN
SIR E. D. SIMON

2/6 net

The problem of slum clearance is now realised to be one of vital importance affecting the whole life of the nation. The principle of abolishing the slums is conceded but the manner is still in dispute.
Particular interest attaches, therefore, to this book. The author, as Chairman of the Manchester Housing Committee from 1919 to 1924, and subsequently as Chairman of the Liberal Housing Committee in the House of Commons and of the Committee appointed by the National Housing and Town Planning Council, and as a member of the Rent Restriction Committee, has gained a very wide knowledge of the subject. Here he gives a history of post-war housing schemes and discusses the methods which should be adopted in future. No one who wishes to understand the question can afford to neglect his book.

LATER CRITIQUES By AUGUSTUS RALLI

"Mr. Ralli has read and remembered much. With diligence and devotion he has covered all the slopes of Parnassus and he quotes from a full mind. Many know Shakespeare well, few better than Mr. Ralli, who has, in addition, made a complete study of the generations' varying response to Shakespeare's genius. He is also, which is rarer, an exact student of Carlyle."—*Observer.*

7/6 net

NOW READY: Two enchanting volumes in Batsford's "British Heritage Series"

THE FACE OF SCOTLAND
By HARRY BATSFORD and CHARLES FRY
With a Foreword by JOHN BUCHAN, C.H., LL.D., M.P.

Containing 128 pages of text and 115 superb photographic illustrations of the scenery of Scotland, its mountains, lochs, glens, coast, islands, moors; castles, churches and other old buildings in village, town, and city. With coloured frontispiece by W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., 4 maps, and 20 attractive pen-drawings in the text by BRIAN COOK.
Demy 8vo (8½ × 5½ ins.). Cloth. Price **7s. 6d.** net.

A book which describes the beauties of Scotland with enthusiasm and understanding and also with knowledge and sobriety. Here are none of the familiar luscious rhapsodies which give plain people shivers down their spines. The authors are in love with their subject and the illustrations are among the finest specimens of the photographic art ever achieved.

THE LANDSCAPE OF ENGLAND
By CHARLES BRADLEY FORD
With a Foreword by G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M.

This is a new kind of book about England—neither a guide-book nor a record of personal touring experiences. Briefly, it is planned to form an introduction to the attractions of the countryside and a practical guide to their appreciation.
There are 135 superb photographic illustrations, forming one of the most delightful and representative series ever brought together. Every type of English scenery is illustrated, with views of old towns and villages, cathedrals and churches, houses and farms, all in their characteristic rural settings. A charming series of pen-drawings runs through the text, the work of BRIAN COOK, who is also responsible for the maps to each section.
Large 8vo (9¼ × 6¼ ins.). Cloth. Price **12s. 6d.** net.

B. T. BATSFORD LTD., Publishers
15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED
Head Office: 71 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Chairman: J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE
Deputy-Chairman: Sir AUSTIN E. HARRIS, K.B.E.

Every description of British and Foreign Banking business transacted

Over 1,900 Offices in England and Wales, and others in India and Burma
Agents and Correspondents throughout the World

Chief General Managers:
F. A. BEANE, G. F. ABELL
Joint General Managers:
W. G. JOHNS, D.S.O., R. A. WILSON, S. PARKES, S. P. CHERRINGTON

and the inevitable breaks between the records are in this instance peculiarly irritating. This symphony in its one movement seems not only to contain all the elements of the old type of four-movement symphony but also to create a satisfactory synthesis of the various "warring" forms of the last two centuries, the fugue with its continuous development, the symphony with its balanced sections, the symphonic poem with its imaginative freedom.

The introductory notes by Mr. Ernest Newman are, as might be expected, mainly about Wagner, but although one can hardly agree with Mr. Newman's implied theory that Sibelius No. 7 is really Wagner No. 1, one can certainly agree with him when he says that this symphony is "one of the most difficult works in all music to analyse on paper. If the listener finds a corresponding difficulty at first in getting at the *rationale* of the structure of it, he can be assured that this difficulty will gradually disappear as he comes to know the music better. He will then *feel* an emotional and formal logic running through the symphony which it is impossible to translate into mere words."

The Delius Society, I gather, has not yet received sufficient promise of support to enable it to start operations. This is the greatest pity for the society wisely proposes to concentrate on what are admitted to be Delius' most important works, those for chorus and orchestra. A beginning is to be made with *Appalachia*, and *Songs of Sunset* and *Song of the High Hills* are promised for later. Sir Thomas Beecham's position as president is guarantee of the quality and authenticity of the proposed recordings. All those who are interested should write for further details to the Hon. Sec., 40 Langham Street, W.1.

Columbia catalogues during the last year have been rather disappointing, and it is pleasant to be able to call attention to their renewed liveliness. The records of Balakireff's *Russia*, made by Sir Hamilton Harty and the L.P.O. (Columbia two 10in. DB 1236–7), are the result of a new process which combines the "aural perspective" obtained in public concert hall recording with the freedom from extraneous noise and ability to correct minor faults which is the advantage of studio recording. The fidelity of these records is remarkable and the reproduction of harp and wood wind timbre is unprecedented. The climaxes, too, have unusual richness. It is curious that so genial a work should be almost totally neglected. The use of definite folk-songs prevents it from having the formal plasticity of *Thamar*, but the various themes are knit together with Balakireff's usual skill and the work taken as a whole is one of the pleasantest and most successful examples of nationalist writing.

The autumn season has produced such a spate of excellent records that I must now content myself with a restricted and telegraphic list of recommendations.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Beethoven No. 5, Weingartner and the L.P.O. (Columbia DX 516–9). Beethoven Concerto No. 3 in C minor; Schnabel, Sargent and the L.P.O. (H.M.V. DB 1940–4). Prelude, Act 3, *Die Meistersinger*; Stokowski and the Philadelphia (H.M.V. 10in. DA 1291). The above are recommended for obvious reasons.

Bach, solo fiddle sonata in A minor; Szigeti (Columbia two 12in. LX 259–60). Szigeti is the only player who can make fugues for solo violin sound either pleasant or like a fugue.

Mozart, Oboe Quartet in F; Goossens, Lener, Roth and Hartman (Columbia two 12in. LX 256–7). Not Mozart at his very best, but made to sound so by the players, notably Goossens.

Mozart, Concertante Sinfonie for Violin and Viola; Sammons, Tertis, Sir Hamilton Harty and the L.P.O. (Columbia four 12in. DX 478–481). The supremely beautiful slow movement more than consoles us for a certain lack of incandescence in the rather square-cut first movement. A perfect performance.

Ravel, Tzigane, Violin Solo by M. Z. Francescatti (Columbia 12in. LX 258). Only its virtuosity to recommend it.

Horst Wessel, the Horst Wessel Lied; Military Band and S.A. Chorus (H.M.V. 10in. EG 2811). Of interest to psychologists. By an exhaustive series of experiments among my friends I have proved that this tune temporarily numbs any reasoning power the listener may previously have possessed. Other Hitlerite records that are highly recommended are *Siehst du im Osten das Morgenrot*, sung by Walther Ludwig (EG 2813) and *Heil Mein Führer* (EG 2828), sung by Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender.

Offenbach, *La Belle Helene* Selection; Marek Weber (H.M.V. 10in. B 3996). Offenbach, *Orpheus in the Underworld* Overture; Dr. Leo Blech and State Opera Orchestra, Berlin (H.M.V. 12in. D 1293). Offenbach is always to be recommended.

Kurt Weill, two songs from Mahoganny, sung by the incomparable Lotte Lenja (Telefunken 10in. A 371). An antidote to Hitlerism and a sop to the neurasthenic.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 44.—CONFUSION AT THE RECTORY

"You know," I said to the Rector, "I find your sons very confusing. They are all at different colleges; they are all reading different subjects; each is keen on a different form of sport; and each contemplates a different vocation. It's hard to remember which to associate with what."

The Rector's eyes twinkled. "You should make it into a problem, Caliban."

"I would do," answered I, "if I had the data." Five days later I received the following postcard:

"Derek neither hunts nor shoots. The Selwyn man hates mathematics. The prospective barrister dislikes fishing. The hunting man has no interest in science. The Peterhouse man plays picquet with Bernard. The prospective clergyman is wishing he had read history. The climbing man detests languages, and the prospective barrister has no use for science. Derek is always poking fun at Peterhouse. The mathematician plays duets on the piano with Colin. The languages man cannot ride, nor can the mathematician. Bernard is a year older than the Oriel man. Colin is cleverer than the prospective journalist. The climbing man is younger than Derek. The prospective clergyman has never been to Cambridge. Neither of the Oxford men cares for climbing. Alaric keeps a dog at the Mitre. The fishing man buys his kit in Petty Cury. The prospective schoolmaster is the most popular of them all."

And the same afternoon I got the following telegram: "Forgot to mention that the shooting man has no dog, and that one of the boys is at Christ Church."

ASSIGN TO EACH OF THE RECTOR'S SONS HIS COLLEGE, HIS SUBJECT OF STUDY, HIS FAVOURITE FORM OF SPORT, AND HIS INTENDED CAREER.

N.B.—Petty Cury is a street in Cambridge, not far from Selwyn and Peterhouse; the Mitre is a well-known hotel in Oxford.

PROBLEM 42.—THE MILITARY DINNER PARTY

The host is a subaltern, and his name is Smith.

A full analysis of this problem occupies a good deal of space. It will be given in *Caliban's Problem Book*. In the meantime, as some solvers have failed to get the right answer, I will see if an abbreviated solution can be produced which is reasonably intelligible.

PROBLEM 41.—PONDER'S END

A set of Low's cartoons goes to *Alfred G. Stripp, 28 Terrapin Road, S.W.17.*

Eight points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of all correct solutions selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

BY TRINCULO

UPRIGHTS

1. Historian,
2. and his famous "hike."
   (Existent sailor, if you like!)

LIGHTS

1. A hatred of the foreign-born.
2. Lover from Angelina torn.
3. Tough exercise for statesmen's arts.
4. Without us, see, our transport starts.
5. Half of an endless curve 'twill be.
6. At bridge, not vulnerable he.
7. A prayer, my son? You'd best retire.
8. Admired—and, luckless, *did* admire.

I will give a copy of my *Playtime Omnibus* for the first correct solution opened.

CIPHERHYME

The keyword is PALINDROME.

CALIBAN

It is now possible to read the whole story of

THE LIFE OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

of whom the late John Galsworthy said:

"Her talent was unique among us . . . Her work stirs and excites us, and so quietly."

THE LIFE OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD 10s. *net*
by RUTH MANTZ and J. MIDDLETON MURRY.
With many photographs. [*Just published.*

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD
With an introduction by J. MIDDLETON MURRY. 7s. 6d. *net*

LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD
Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY.
2 vols. 15s. *net*

*** *Complete list of books by Katherine Mansfield on application*

10 Orange St. Constable London, W.C.2

THE NEW YORK NATION

(the most vigorous organ of liberal American opinion)

is invaluable to the busy man or woman who wishes to keep in touch with American as well as international affairs.

CAN THE NRA SUCCEED?
IS A DEBT SETTLEMENT POSSIBLE?
AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TO DISARMAMENT

These and other questions of vital importance to the world are dealt with by a distinguished and well-informed staff.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD'S weekly article, *Issues and Men*, and PAUL Y. ANDERSON'S Washington correspondence are regular features.

LOUIS FISCHER writes from Moscow on the progress of the Russian experiment.

Events in Cuba and Latin America are covered by special correspondents.

British Representative:
GERTRUDE M. CROSS, 23, BRUNSWICK SQ., W.C.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
1 *year*, 30/-; 6 *months*, 15/-; 3 *months' trial*, 7/6; *Single copy* 9d. *post free.*
Specimen copy sent free on request.

Frogs Die in Earnest
DOUGLAS BOOT 7/6

"Mr. Boot has the story-teller's gift of making us want to know what happens next; strange things happen likeably . . . ingenious and apt."
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

"Human, vivid, well told, full of happenings and movement . . . courageous and ironical humour."
MORNING POST.

"Mr. Boot is to be taken seriously."
YORKSHIRE POST.

Broken Vase Mystery
MARY PLUM 7/6

"Miss Plum is quite the best of the transatlantic writers of detective fiction." EDWARD SHANKS.
"Certainly a claimant for the year's best crime story honour." MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.
"Strong, romantic and exciting." EVENING NEWS.

S.O.S.
New Wonders of the Sea
DAVID MASTERS 8/6

"Astonishing stories vividly told." DAILY EXPRESS.
"Vivid interest . . . examples of high courage and devotion." SATURDAY REVIEW.
"This book of surprises . . . simple and dramatic."
MORNING POST.
"Sensational, most inspiring." LIVERPOOL POST.
"One of those rare books with a universal power of thrill." ABERDEEN POST.

The English Vision
HERBERT READ 7/6

"A fine aim, worthily achieved. A Patriot's anthology." THE NORTHERN WHIG.
"There is plenty of grand, roaring stuff in this anthology." THE STAR.

The Poems of
Charles Churchill
JAMES LAVER

A new "King's Printers'" Edition, uniform with Lord Hervey's Memoirs, in two volumes, bound in buckram and boxed, limited to 400 numbered copies for sale in the British Empire.

Price 63/- *net.*

This, the only definitive edition of the Poems of Charles Churchill, is published to-day.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

ROOSEVELT'S NEW-OLD PLAN—AMERICAN COMMON STOCKS AND GOLD SHARES—ARGENTINE CONVENTION TRUST CERTIFICATES

NATURALLY we welcome President Roosevelt's Sunday broadcast. We urged two points upon the President last week and we find that he adopted one and virtually promised the other. We implored him, first of all, to announce that he was still pursuing the inflationary "way out" and was still desiring an inflationary rise in commodity prices. This the President did in unequivocal terms. "It is definitely our policy," he said, "to increase the rise (in commodity prices) and extend it to those products which as yet have felt no benefit." The importance of this declaration of faith lay in the snub which he administered to the "sound money" party. The speech proclaimed the victory of the inflationists and the defeat of the stabilisers in the battle for the President's ear. Had not Professors Moley and Warren, the exponents of the commodity-dollar as opposed to the gold-dollar, visited the President at the White House while he was preparing his speech? The bankers who had urged devaluing the dollar immediately in order to stabilise it were told that "it was the Government's policy to restore the price level first." Sound money, i.e., a link with gold, was promised sometime—but only when the 1926 price level had been won. The second point we urged—that the President should declare his willingness to flood the country with paper dollars through his public works, his relief schemes, his farming grants, his unfreezing of "busted banks" until a sufficient rise in commodity prices had been secured—was accepted tacitly, if not openly. This, at any rate, is the opinion of Wall Street, for on Monday all markets opened strong and prices advanced in impressive fashion. The chart-readers prophesy that the advance will continue.

* * *

The policy which the President announced of making a Government market in newly mined gold is not intended to be "an expedient to offset a temporary fall in prices." The President might have been more explicit, but it appears that he believes in a stable dollar—stable in terms of internal purchasing power—and a fluctuating exchange, the fluctuations being governed by the price of gold fixed by the American Government. If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which is to conduct the operations in gold, fixes a higher dollar price for gold, the dollar is so much more depreciated in terms of the gold currencies. This increases, of course, the dollar prices of all commodities imported. To the extent to which the imported commodities enter into the cost-of-living, so will the internal price-level be raised. To the extent to which exported commodities enter into a world market, so will the dollar prices of these commodities be raised. But there is hardly a world market in any commodity at the present time and the United States are no longer important as exporters of farm products. It may therefore be that the dollar prices of farm products will be temporarily raised but that this will exclude these products from world markets, so that their prices will tend to fall. The important factor, however, is the psychological reaction to the President's gold policy. If the speculators believe that a depreciating dollar means a rise in the commodity price level, they will "bull" commodities and the farmer will benefit. The speculators may, of course, be working on the assumption that there will be more inflation—that nothing short of Government compensation in new paper money will call off the farmers' strike. Wall Street probably knows that Roosevelt knows that he cannot escape an inflation of the currency. So common stocks are once again "set fair" for an upward movement.

* * *

British speculators who want to participate in the New York market should, of course, buy on margin, borrowing the dollars in order to offset the exchange risk. The American houses in London will accommodate them by taking their margins in sterling and arranging their dollar loans. The following table gives a few of the favoured shares:

		Prices, 1933.			
		High	Oct.	Oct.	Div.
Common Stocks.	Low.	(July).	19th.	24th.	$
North American ..	15¼	37⅞	16⅝	17⅞	8% stock
Chrysler	7¾	51⅛	36¾	41⅛	2.00 est.
Standard Brands ..	13¼	35	20⅝	23¼	1.00
Gt. Western Sugar	6⅞	41⅞	30½	35½	2.40 est.

While British industrial shares may not participate in this movement, gold shares should attract more support. A new market has been found for the gold producer and the depreciation in the dollar may tend to depreciate sterling in terms of the franc so that the sterling price of gold may rise. Both commodity producers and gold miners have cause to be grateful for Roosevelt's Sunday offering.

* * *

Argentine chilled beef for British consumers and frozen peso balances for British investors should not go together. This point of principle has been generously recognised by the Argentine Government in agreeing to allocate the whole amount of the sterling exchange arising from the sale of Argentine produce in Great Britain to meet British remittances from the Argentine—after deducting an amount due for the debt services. The unfreezing of the accumulated peso balances, however, has been a very difficult problem. Up to May 31st some £10 millions worth of peso balances awaited remittance. The ingenious scheme propounded this week enables the British investor to lend the Argentine Government money to satisfy the exchange claimants without damaging Argentine Government credit or making anyone feel hurt. A Trust has been formed—called the United Kingdom and Argentine 1933 Convention Trust—which is to take over £10 millions Argentine 4 per cent. sterling bonds received by the exchange claimants and to acquire £7½ millions 3 per cent. Conversion Loan 1948/53 of the British Government. The Trust will then issue £5 millions "A" certificates bearing interest at 4 per cent., £3½ millions "B" certificates bearing interest at 5½ per cent. and £7½ millions "C" certificates entitled to the balance of the income, interest being estimated at 3 per cent. The Argentine 4 per cent. Bonds will be redeemable by drawings at par by a cumulative sinking fund of 5 per cent. per annum commencing on May 1st, 1938. The amounts received by the Trust in respect of drawn bonds will be applied first to redeem the "A" certificates and then the "B" certificates by purchases below or drawings at par. When all the "A" and "B" bonds have been redeemed the assets of the Trust belong to the "C" certificate holders. It is calculated that the Argentine 4 per cent. Bonds will be redeemed by 1953, the "A" certificates by November, 1946, and the "B" certificates by November, 1951.

* * *

Blocks of certificates in the form of £50 "A," £35 "B" and £15 "C" certificates have been placed privately at 97. The price appears attractive. The "A" certificates are gilt-edged, being covered as to interest and capital by the holding of 3 per cent. Conversion Loan, and on a 3½ per cent. basis may be valued at 105 per cent. The "B" certificates will at first be dependent for the bulk of their 5½ per cent. dividends on interest from the Argentine bonds, so that, until the "A" certificates are redeemed in 1946, the "B" certificates are virtually an Argentine Government security. Valued on a 6 per cent. basis until the security becomes gilt-edged, the "B" certificates are calculated to be worth 102⅞ per cent. Thus we have:

Cost of £50 A, £35 B, and £15 C certificates			= 97
Less:			
Value of £50 A on 3½% yield basis	= 52½	= 88½	
" £35 B on the above basis	= 36		
" £15 C		= 8½	= 57%

By 1951 when the "B" certificates are redeemed the "C" certificates will be worth 120 per cent. A fine security for the surtax payer!

Now Ready!

WHO'S WHO in BROADCASTING

This new, entertaining and instructive volume, edited by Sydney A. Moseley, has a place in every home where there is a radio receiver. It is the first biographical survey of all the well-known radio personalities, and contains over 150 pages, constituting about 2,000 entries. Facts, interesting information and some witty and humorous sketches by the subjects themselves, make this up-to-date work a splendid acquisition for the home "radio circle."

3/6 NET

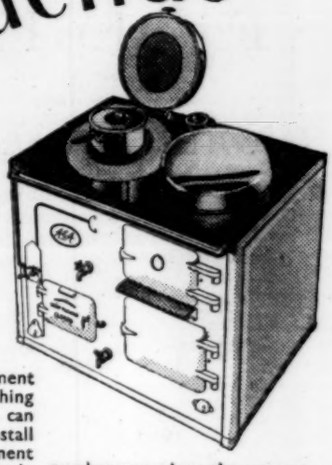
A few of the Artists described
Mabel Constanduros
Jean de Casalis
Henry Hall
Norman Long
Beatrice Harrison
Gillie Potter
Christopher Stone
Sir Henry Wood
Stainless Stephen

Order your copy immediately from a bookseller or direct from the publishers.

PITMAN

Parker Street • Kingsway • LONDON • W.C.2

dividends



THAT ONLY AGA CAN GIVE YOU

Increased leisure and comfort for the servants.

Food of all kinds well and truly cooked.

Freedom from dirt, fumes and cooking smells.

If you can afford an investment paying a dividend of anything up to 40 per cent.—you can afford an Aga. You can install an Aga for the initial payment of only £10 and the quarterly instalments, plus fuel for the Aga, will probably amount to less than what you are now paying for fuel alone. For the Aga burning night and day, always ready for use, only consumes £4-worth of coke or anthracite in 12 months—no matter what the number served or the amount the Aga is used.

THE AGA COOKER IS BRITISH MADE.

Please write for the Aga Booklet to BELL'S HEAT APPLIANCES LTD. 15, AGABELL WORKS, SLOUGH, BUCKS. (*Tel.* : *Slough* 1112) or call at our London Offices and Showrooms : 157, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4 (*Tel.* : *Central* 6281).

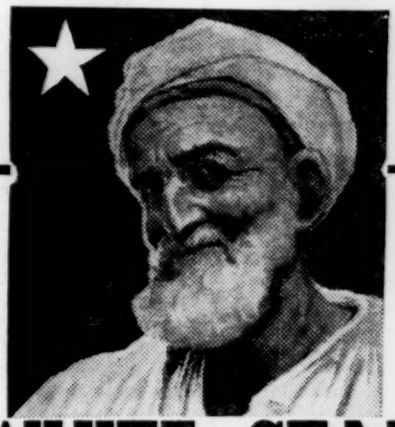
FUEL FOR THE

AGA COOKER

(*Regd. Trade Mark*)

COSTS LESS THAN £1 PER QUARTER

THE ONLY COOKING STOVE IN THE WORLD WITH A GUARANTEED FUEL CONSUMPTION



WHITE STAR CRUISES

HOMERIC *CHRISTMAS CRUISE* **DEC. 21**
From Southampton. To Sicily, Italy, Corsica, Algiers. 16 days from **£28**

HOMERIC *WEST INDIES CRUISE* **JAN. 27**
From Southampton to West Indies, Canary Isles, Central America and Madeira. 40 days from **80 Gns.**

BRITANNIC *EGYPTIAN CRUISE* **FEB. 17**
From Liverpool to Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Morocco, The Riviera. 32 days from **52 Gns.**

HOMERIC *EASTER CRUISE* **MAR. 24**
From Southampton to Corsica, Spain, Riviera, Algiers and Morocco. 14 days from **£25**

ALL CRUISES FIRST CLASS ONLY
Details from White Star Line Offices or Local Agents.

the new statesman . . .

The new statesman needs the New Clarion: that lively weekly which every day goes into more and more homes. A political review with topical comments on the affairs of the day, and regular features on books and the theatre, cinema, radio, gardening, hiking, cycling . .

Here are a few of the contributors, selected at random: George Lansbury, Storm Jameson, S. P. B. Mais, Mendoza. H. M. Tomlinson, G. W. Stonier, Ernest Bevin. Upton Sinclair, H. W. Nevinson, Harold Laski, Arthur Henderson, Lionel Britton, Rudolph Messel, Stafford Cripps, Francis Williams, G. D. H. Cole, H. N. Brailsford, Vera Brittain, Winifred Holtby . . .

What other twopenny weekly paper has a list to equal this? Make up your mind not to miss

The New Clarion . . .

Twopence every Thursday : 2, Carmelite St., E.C.2

Interest on Current Accounts

During the past year the C.W.S. BANK has paid interest at the rate of 2% per annum on current accounts. The commission charge is quite moderate.

Subscriptions, insurance premiums, building society payments, etc., etc., may be left to the care of the Bank once a standing order has been lodged.

Annual Turnover - £650,000,000

Write or Call.

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:
LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.
BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

COMPANY MEETING

DRAPERY TRUST LIMITED

SIR FREDERICK RICHMOND'S SPEECH

At the Seventh Annual General Meeting of DRAPERY TRUST LIMITED, held at Wigmore Hall, London, W.1, on Thursday, the 26th October, Sir Frederick Richmond, Bt., the Chairman of the Company, said:—

The period covered by the Accounts was an exceedingly difficult one from a trading point of view, and your Directors have once again to report a severe shrinkage in profits. The dividends received from our Subsidiary Companies (our only source of income) amounted to £136,057, against £193,282 for the previous year, a decrease of £57,225. On the other hand, we were able to effect a saving in expenses, including interest, of £16,380. The net result is a profit of £61,920, as compared with £102,767 for the preceding year. Adding the sum of £80,269 brought forward from the last account, we have a balance of £142,189.

Your Directors very reluctantly find themselves unable to recommend the payment of a dividend on the Preference shares. Last year you will remember that in order to pay the Preference dividend, the amount carried forward was reduced by some £65,000, so that the profit earned for the year under review is barely sufficient to restore the carry-forward to its former level. Another and perhaps more weighty question is that the sum in question is not available in the form of cash, and in the opinion of the Directors it would have been most unwise to add to the already very large liquid liabilities of the Company in order to pay another dividend on the Preference shares.

After reviewing the results of the year and dealing with the various items of the Balance Sheet the Chairman continued:—

Before proposing the Resolution to adopt the Report and Accounts it is my duty, having regard to a paragraph in the Directors' Report, to make a statement on behalf of the Board with reference to the future of the Company.

For some time past it has been evident to your Directors, as it has doubtless been to many shareholders—particularly since the Preference dividends fell into arrear—that some form of reconstruction or reorganisation would sooner or later become inevitable.

At the date of the Balance Sheet there were sums of £356,662 owing to the Company's Bankers, £535,794 to Debenhams Limited, and £110,775 to the 5½% Note Holders, a total liability of approximately £1,000,000. You may remember that in my speech last year I called attention to those large cash liabilities, and stated that the method of liquidating them would have to be considered by the Directors in the near future.

I am sure you will agree with me that it is imperative to make provision for the liquidation of these liabilities, and as the Company is not in a position to issue shares, this could only be done in two ways—either by the sale of a portion of the assets or out of profits. In view of the conditions now prevailing, I think we must rule out the idea of selling any of the Company's investments; and as regards the other method, even on the most favourable estimate of future earnings, it would require some years to accomplish the task, and during the whole of that period further arrears of Preference dividend would be accumulating.

It will be seen, therefore, that if things are allowed to remain as they are the prospect of the Preference shares receiving a 7% dividend (let alone any participating dividend) is somewhat remote. The Preference dividend requires the sum of £168,000 per annum, which is rather more than the combined profits of the last two years, and the dividends are now more than eighteen months in arrear.

This being the position, your Directors felt that an effort must be made to put a stop to the piling up of further arrears of dividends. For many months past they have been engaged on the preparation of a scheme of reorganisation in consultation with their financial and legal advisers.

I think it must be obvious to anyone who is at all conversant with the position that any proposal to write down the assets of Drapery Trust Limited must be of vital concern to Debenhams Limited, which holds practically the whole of the Ordinary shares of that Company, and to Debenhams Securities Limited, which holds all the issued Ordinary shares of Debenhams Limited. The interests of these two Companies are identical; in fact, they with Drapery Trust Limited naturally form a single entity, and the scheme on which we have been working recognises this fact by providing for the complete fusion of the three undertakings.

Now, when the Report and Accounts of this Company were issued in August, the scheme which the Board had under consideration appeared to be well advanced, and the Directors felt reasonably certain that by fixing the date of the Annual General Meeting several weeks ahead, they were allowing ample time for all the details to be worked out, and their intention was to have the scheme printed and circulated previous to this Meeting, not only to the shareholders of this Company, but also to the shareholders of Debenhams Limited and Debenhams Securities Limited. It was felt to be only right and proper that, as we are inviting the co-operation of the shareholders in those allied Companies, the scheme should be circulated to the shareholders of the three Companies simultaneously.

As you can well imagine, the preparation of this scheme has entailed an enormous amount of work, and with so many interests to be reconciled it has been a matter of profound difficulty to arrive at a basis which would be equitable to all concerned. Moreover, these arrangements raise difficult legal questions which have to be carefully considered by the legal advisers of the Companies concerned. The Directors hope and believe that in the scheme which has been formulated all classes of shareholders have been treated with perfect fairness, and they trust that their proposals when submitted will meet with approval.

With a view to arriving at the best and fairest scheme to all concerned your Directors have submitted their own ideas to the consideration of the Auditors of the three Companies. They have further thought it advisable to obtain the opinion of the most eminent independent authority procurable and have therefore consulted Lord Plender, G.B.E., LL.D., ex-President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. The scheme which will be submitted has the approval of Lord Plender, the Company's own Auditors (Messrs. Josolyne, Miles Page & Co.) and also your Directors, who are the largest shareholders.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the position at the present moment. As it has been found impossible to carry out the intention of publishing the scheme previous to this Meeting, I regret I am not in a position to deal with the matter as fully as I could have wished and must confine myself to making you acquainted generally with what is in the minds of your Directors. If it were a matter affecting the shareholders of this Company only, my task in addressing you would have been comparatively simple, but I think you will appreciate that having regard to the fact that the shareholders in the two allied Companies are equally interested it is impossible for me to enter into details of the scheme at this Meeting. In the circumstances I can only crave your indulgence and ask you not to press for information which at the moment I am unable to give.

You may rest assured that the scheme is the outcome of the most careful thought and deliberation; great pains having been taken to work out a plan which in view of all circumstances would be fair to all classes, and your Directors are satisfied that the proposals, if adopted, will be of great advantage to the reconstituted company and consequently to the shareholders. A feature of the scheme will be that the preference shareholders of this company will receive a share in the equity of the reconstituted company, and will further benefit because, whereas under present conditions, having regard to the extent of cash liabilities to which I have referred, they could not hope for the payment of dividends for some years, the scheme will have the effect of making the immediate resumption of dividends not only a practical possibility, but I think I might say almost a certainty; and, in addition, they will receive a share in the equity, as I have just explained. As you are aware, for some time back the market price of the Drapery Trust preference shares has been in the region of 10s.; indeed, the price this year has been as low as 5s., and your Directors are informed that the higher Stock Exchange quotation now ruling is mainly, if not entirely, due to the prevalence of an impression that a scheme of reconstruction is in contemplation which is expected to put the company on a thoroughly sound basis. In saying this I hope I shall not be misunderstood. It would be very regrettable if anything I have said should have the effect of inducing shareholders either to part with their holdings or to increase them, and I strongly advise shareholders to suspend judgment until they have seen the details of the scheme.

I know you would like me to be more precise, but really it is quite impossible for me to say any more at the present juncture. I think I can promise you that the full scheme will be in your hands in the course of the next two or three weeks, and there will be an abundance of opportunity for considering and discussing the details at the various Meetings which have to be held to pass the appropriate resolutions.

I will now move the following Resolution:—

"That the Report of the Directors and Statement of Accounts for the year ended May 31st, 1933, as submitted to the Meeting, be received and adopted."

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the meeting proceeded to the re-election of retiring Directors and Messrs. Josolyne, Miles Page and Co. as auditors. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman and Directors.

World Copyright Strictly Reserved

J. M. Keynes